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Original Poetry.

"FEAR NOT."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Fear not, what has the heart to fear
From care or pain below?
This world that frowns around us here
Was e'er a world of woe.
Fear not, but meekly bear the smart
Of Heaven's chastening rod.—
Life's cares but break the stubborn heart,
And fashion it for God.

Fear not, what hath the heart to fear
From death's destroying hand?
Why vainly wish to linger here
Despite a God's command?
Then fear not tho' his viewless dart
With fatal aim be driven,—
For *death* but binds the broken heart,
And gives it back to Heaven.

THE SUSPECTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Nay, fear me not beloved; I am come
With other thoughts than vengeance. Turn not thus
Thy dear face from me. Henry, I am here
To soothe and comfort thee, now that thou art
Deserted by all else, as if thou wert
Indeed a pestilent and loathsome thing
Fit only for corruption and the worms.
I cannot fear infection, death to me
Is all too slow in coming. Oh that God
Would give me thy disease, and let thee live!
Thou now hast need of me. I will remain
And serve and aid thee, and administer
All healing medicines, I will bathe thy head
With grateful acids, and thy burning hands
In pure cold water. I will bring thee food
Such as thy state requires, and give thee drink,
And sit beside thy pillow all night long
To watch thy breath, with spirit gushing forth
In tears and ardent prayers. I will do all
That woman's never, never weary hand
And all enduring spirit can perform.
When thou shalt be recovered, I will go
Back to my hiding place. If thou wilt then
But smile, and say I thank thee, Isabel—
Those words should lie upon my broken heart
A blessed balm-leaf, and that precious smile
Should live a glory on my weary nights,
A rainbow on the storm-cloud of my life.
To such a beautiful a sweet relief.

Thou art a man, and can'st not comprehend
The heart of woman, which is like a harp
Strung and attun'd to most exquisite bliss,
But which awakes not till the master hand
Of Love is laid upon it. Then her soul
Is full of melody, and every pulse
That stirs her bosom is an echoing thrill
Of that one tender lay, and if the strain
Be bliss or agony, or life or death
It mingles with her soul. Identity
By her is quite forgotten, she exists
And acts but for the idol of her love.

I will not chide thee, but I must complain;
Now that thou canst not fly me, I must breathe
The story of my love, my worshiping,
Which of itself is truth, unchangeable.

I was a happy girl, careless of heart
And full of music as a warbling bird
Which sings because its soul is melody
And floats out on its breathing. Every bliss
That young hearts take delight in was mine own.

Thy voice came to my heart the breath of life,
Thrilling its fibres with a living bliss
And pulsing through my frame a tenderness
Of which thou wert the soul. Thenceforth I knew
No life apart from thine; no joy, no hope,
No happiness that centred not in thee.
'Twere vain to say I lov'd thee, for my soul,
My whole existence was all full of thee,
And where thou wert was bliss. I had no aim
In life but to promote thy happiness—
Then I became a woman and resigned
The pride of girlhood, bowing meekly down
To woman's destiny, with glowing heart
Blessing the Wisdom that ordain'd her lot,
Her blissful lot, to love and serve the man
To whom her heart does homage.

Earnestly
My kindred warn'd me that I should not wed
A haughty, and ambitious man like thee
But what they deem'd thy faults, were in mine eyes
High excellencies. That a heart so proud,
So stern, so independent of the world
Could bow to me, a weak and simple girl,
And deem the treasure of my heart a prize
Worth suing for, awoke my gratitude,
And gave me cause for pride. For thee, for thee
I threw aside the blessed coronet
Of home's endearing jewels, and put on
The bridal ring instead. And I went forth,
In blissful confidence of happiness
With thee, and only thee. To me thou wert
The cup of life, brim full of happiness,
And my heart bathing in the nectar flood
Ask'd nothing more of Heaven.

Shall I say on?
Oh Henry! Henry! Were it possible
For language to express the bitterness,
That came upon my spirit, like the flood
To the primeval world, extinguishing
Beauty and life, and spreading o'er the waste
A cold and sweltering shroud. Could'st thou have seen
The livid corses, and the draggled flowers,
That lay beneath the waters of my grief,
Thou might'st perhaps have learn'd to understand
How desolate a woman's heart can be.
Death had been welcome then; for life to me
Was but a light within a sepulchre,
Shewing the death and darkness, brooding there.
I could have borne thy coldness; could have borne
The careless glance, and the indifferent tone,
The long protracted absence, and the death
Of all my joys in *thee*. I could have borne
Almost, to see another in thine arms,
But to be doubted, oh, that thou should doubt
My love, my truth, my honor! Oh that God
Had stricken me from being, while my heart
Was happy in thy love and confidence.

There is not in the phial of Heaven's wrath—
In the black chalice of infernal ire—
Or in the more ingeniously mix'd draught
That human malice pours, a drop so keen
So deadly bitter to a woman's soul
As the suspicion of her purity
Utter'd by him she loves. It kills the heart;
It wounds the spirit; It breaks down the soul!
She is suspected. Wherefore should she live?
Why cherish virtue? Why be innocent?

Oh man belov'd! Could'st thou but feel the weight
That presses like a leaden monument
Upon the breast of her thou dost suspect,
Then wouldst not lightly taunt her with a crime
Including all of guilt, hypocrisy,
Falsehood, and baseness, that the human heart,
Vile as it is, can practice, or conceive.
A woman once suspected is undone,
Thrown from her confidence in God and man;
For wherefore, wherefore should the innocent
Be doomed to wear the heaviest of all chains,
And drink the kernel of life's nauseous draughts?
There is no peace within her broken heart,
No joy in all the glorious world around.
Even the consciousness of innocence
That blessed solace of all other woes
To her heart sickness is a bitter balm
And when she kneels in prayer though she lift up
The offering of a broken contrite heart,
Hands spotless as an infant's, and sad eyes
Wet with the holy dew of piety,
She hears the world hiss forth "The hypocrite!"
And Christianity sigh forth a prayer,
That she, the Magdalen, may be forgiven!
The bitter fountain in her heart is stirr'd,
And quenches out devotion's fragrant fire.

A shadow walks forever at her side,
With blackness fringing all her works and ways.
Though as she wanders weeping through the world
She strews her pathway with the holiest gifts
Of charity, and good will unto man,
Even those that gather up the precious flowers
Suspect a lurking mildew in the leaves
And almost fear contagion.

Dost thou weep?
There is no balsam even in thy tears
To heal my spirit wounds. Not the whole flood
Of the vast ocean, and the rain of Heaven,
Can e'er efface the record of my shame
Yet I am innocent, and pure of heart
As when an infant in my mother's arms.

No, tell me not of hope! To such as me
She points but to the grave, and that pure world
Beyond its precincts, where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Oh! speak it not! I cannot dwell with thee
And love thee! and be happy; for my heart
Is like a broken vase. 'Tis vain to pour
Hope, love, or consolation into it,
They cannot heal, and will but trickle forth
Mix'd with the cankering dregs that rankle there,
In hot corrosive drops.
Oh no! oh no!
Thou'st wounded. It is past thy power to heal,
And we are both undone.

Original Novel.

MARIAN;

Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "GUARICA," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER X.

Three hours had elapsed since all the inhabitants of Ingleborough Hall had retired to their own chambers, and one, at least, since Marian had retired from her sister's dressing-room, to bed, but not to sleep. During that weary hour, she had lain tossing to and fro, feverish with anxiety and expectation, irresolute, anxious and heartsick.

The last words which Ernest De Vaux had whispered in her ear, unheard by any others, contained a fervent entreaty, perhaps—I should say, rather, a command—that she should meet him after all the house had gone to rest, in the garden. And strange it was, that despite all that had passed, despite all her own good resolutions, all the resistance of her native modesty, all *her* conviction—for she was almost convinced that *he* was base and bad—she yet lacked firmness to set the tempter at defiance.

It is a singular fact, but one which we nevertheless encounter more frequently than would be supposed, that it is women of the most bold and free and fearless characters, who, so long as their fancies are untouched, appear the wildest and the most untamable, that are subdued and engrossed the most completely, when they once become thoroughly enamored, when they once meet with an overmastering spirit.

And so it was with Marian Hawkwood; high spirited and almost daring, while her heart was free, no sooner had she fallen desperately in love, as she did, with De Vaux, than she became, so far as she was concerned, the most thoroughly subjugated and tamed of beings. Her whole nature, toward him, at least, seemed to have undergone a change. Her very intellect appeared to have lost much of its brilliancy, of its rapid and clear perceptions, as soon as he was to be judged.

To us, such things appear very strange, although we see them happening before our eyes almost daily. To us, they are as inexplicable as the one half of our motives and our actions must appear incomprehensible to the other sex. But all these diversities, all these inexplicable contradictions as they seem, in the nature and characteristics of our race, have been created, and unquestionably for wise ends, by Him whose every deed is all wise, whose every purpose perfect. And it may well be that it is these very differences, these very extremities of thought and action, that render the two sexes so eminently attractive to another.

To the mind of a man it naturally would appear impossible, that after what had passed, Marian should still entertain a belief, a hope, even, that De Vaux could explain honorably his most dishonorable conduct—dishonorable, if possible, yet more toward herself than toward Annabel. It would seem that when he presumed to whisper in her ear that prayer for a clandestine interview, she would have recognized and spurned him for the villain that he was. But it was not so—she still hoped—if she did not believe—and if she made him no answer at the time, it was that her maiden purity of soul revolted from the idea of a rendezvous with any man at that untimely hour, and in a place so sequestered.

At first, indeed, she resolved that she would not meet him, and even made up her mind to confide his request to Annabel, as a fresh proof of his atrocious baseness. But gradually worse thoughts and more fatal wishes began to creep in, and she suffered the long conversation between herself and Annabel to come to a termination, without touching on the circumstance at all. At length she left her sister's chamber, and withdrew to her own, still without any fixed intention of granting his request, but certainly without any fixed determination not to do so.

After she had undressed herself, however, and that she did so was a proof that up to this time her better principles had the upper hand, she knelt down by her bedside, buried her face in her hands, and seemed, at least, to pray. It was, however, but too evident that her mind was in no state for prayer. She burst into a fit of violent and convulsive weeping, mixed with sobs almost hysterical, while strong shudderings ran through her whole fair frame.

"No!" she said, starting up after a while, and calming herself by a powerful effort of the will—"no, no, I cannot pray—it is mockery—a shameful mockery to bend my knees and move my lips in prayer before the throne of God, when no thought of him remains fixed in my mind—when by no effort can I concentrate my wandering senses upon his goodness and mercy—when by no effort can I banish from my soul the recollection, the wild yearning for the creature usurping thus the place of the Creator! Oh, my God!" she continued, even more wildly than before—"my God, what shall I do—what shall I do! what have I done that I should be thus terribly afflicted! To bed—to bed!" she added, extinguishing her taper, as she spoke—"to bed, but not to sleep! never to sleep again in peace or dreamless. Would to God that this bed were the grave—the cold unconscious grave!"

And with the words, she laid her head upon the pillow, and closed her eyelids, saying to herself, "no no, it were unmaidenly, I will not think of it—no, no!" But she did think of it—nay, she could think of nothing else; and ere long she unclosed her eyes, and looked about her chamber with a wild, eager glance, as if she were in search of something which she expected to see there, but saw not. Again she closed them, and cast herself back impatiently upon the bed, and lay quiet for a little while; but it was only by a great effort that she forced herself to do so, and before long, she started up crying, "I shall go mad—I shall go mad—I hardly know if I am not mad already. It is all fire here!" and she clasped her small white hands over her brow, "all raging and consuming fire! Air! air! I must have air—I am choking, stifling! Can it be that the room is so suffocating hot—or is it in my own heart?"

The comfortable, roomy chamber in which she lay, could not have been more pleasantly attempered to the weather and the season, had it been regulated by the thermometer. It was a large and airy chamber, situated at the corner of the house, so that its two large latticed casements looked out in different directions, one over the little garden amphitheatre so often noticed, the other down the broad valley to the southward. The moon, which was now nearly full, streamed in at the eastern window, and would have rendered the room nearly as bright as day, if it had not been for the leafy head of one of the huge sycamores that interrupted the soft beams partially; and swaying backward and forward in the west wind, which was fitful and uncertain, now blowing in long gusts, now lulling altogether, cast huge and wavering shadows over the floor and walls—so that they were at one time all bathed in lustrous light, and the next moment steeped in misty shadows.

There was something in this wavering effect of light and shade, that at first caught the eye merely and attracted the physical attention, if it is allowed so to speak, and afterwards began to produce an impression on her mind. It seemed to her as if the vagueness and incertitude of these fleeting shades were in some sort assimilated to the wild and whirling thoughts which were chasing one another across the horizon of her own mind. Then she compared them to the changes and chances of mortal life, and thence, as we are all so prone to do, when in trouble and affliction, she began to charge all her own misfortunes, and many of her own faults, to the account of fortune.

If it had not been for the irresistible destiny which had compelled Ernest to leave her at York, it could not have been, she thought, that seeking her out so eagerly as he did on all occasions, and admiring her personal charms so evidently, Ernest should not have ended by loving and wooing her instead of her passionless and gentle sister.

And from this train of thought she fell into another yet more perilous. How, she now asked herself, had it come to pass that he had wooed Annabel at all—how, when he loved herself, should he have sought her sister's love—or how, loving her sister, should he have given way, so clearly and openly as he had done to-day, to a passion for herself.

His conduct did seem in truth incomprehensible—perhaps to himself, even, it might have been so—for, I believe that, far oftener than is generally believed, men, if they were to subject themselves to strict self-examination, would be at a loss to account to themselves for the motives whence arise very many of their actions.

This very strangeness of Ernest De Vaux's [illegible] impossibility of accounting for his conduct on any reasonable hypothesis, had the worst possible effect for her happiness, on the mind of Marian. If she was to consider this whole course of conduct infamous and base, the baseness seemed too gratuitous, the infamy too void of motive, to be credited. And hence she was led to fancy that there must be some unseen and secret hand which had given motion to the whole machinery, and which, could it but be discovered, would probably afford a ready clue and complete solution to all that now appeared dark and enigmatical in her lover's words and actions.

For whatever we find glaringly inconsistent, or foolishly miscontrived in the conduct of men, we are wont in our blindness and conceitedness of heart to consider enigmatical and obscure, as if forsooth, men were anything but masses of inconsistencies the most glaring and self-evident.

Having soon brought herself to the conclusion that because she could not understand the conduct of Ernest, there must necessarily be something in it to be understood, she now went to work to find out what this something could be. The original bane of woman, curiosity, was busy in her secret soul, and soon there came together two sister friends to aid her in the invidious onslaught she was seeking on the strong holds of principle and virtue—fit partners in the foul alliance, vain self-esteem, and jealousy.

First she commenced asking herself how it could have been that he should have failed to love her, and yet have fallen in love instantly with Annabel—then she half doubted, whether he had, indeed, ever loved Annabel at all—that he did so no longer was quite evident—and in the end she convinced herself, that she had been the object of his love from the beginning, that by some misapprehension of her manner he had been led to believe her indifferent to himself, and that in pique he had devoted himself to her sister.

This train once kindled in her mind, the flame ran rapidly from point to point, and she was very soon so completely self-deluded, that she gave herself up to the conviction that she was herself the only true love of De Vaux, that his conduct had been natural, and if very blameable, still honorable, and deserving some compassion from the fact that her own charms had been the cause of all the mischief. Still she was very far from having made up her mind to meet him, though she had already admitted to herself that it was cruel to condemn him without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, and one step leading to another, she soon began to consider seriously the possibility of doing that, which but an hour before she could not have contemplated without terror and disgust.

Ere long it was fear only that dissuaded her from going—the fear of discovery, and that was but a weak opponent to strong and passionate love—for she did love Ernest De Vaux strongly and passionately—particularly when that love was aided, and abetted, by the other kindred spirits of evil, which I have enumerated, and which forever lie hid in the secret recesses of the human heart waiting the opportunity to arise and do battle, when the better principles are weakened by temptations, and the tone of the mind soured by vexation and rendered angry by disappointment.

Then she arose at length, half timidly still, and half reluctantly. Nor did she as yet admit to herself what was her intention as she dressed herself hastily, and stole with a beating heart and noiseless step to the door of her sister's chamber. Opening it with a careful hand, she entered, and stole silently to the bedside. Pale as a lily, calm and tranquil lay sweet Annabel, buried in deep, and as she at first thought dreamless sleep. One fair slight hand was pressed upon her bosom, the other arm was folded under the head of the lovely sleeper. The broad light of the moonbeams fell in flood of pure silvery radiance over the lovely picture—and surely never lovelier was devised—of virgin innocence, and purity of meekness.

For many moments the perturbed and anxious Marian stood by the side of the couch gazing upon the face of that once beloved sister—alas! that I must say *once* beloved—for already had jealousy, and distrust, and envy come over the heart of the no less lovely watcher—and she felt, as she stood there, that she no longer loved that sister, as she used to love, or as she was still herself beloved. No contrast can be imagined more striking than that between the sleeper, so still, so tranquil, so serene—yet so inanimately pale and spiritual in her aspect—and the flushed cheeks, and flashing eyes, and frame quivering with wild excitement of the half trembling, half guilty girl who stood beside her. The deep regular calm breathing of the sleeper, the short quick panting inspirations of the excited watcher—the absolute unconsciousness of the one and the terrible and overwrought feelings of the other—the innocence, the confidence, the trust in God, of Annabel—the agonies, the wishes, and the doubts of Marian.

And strange as it may seem, the very peacefulness, the very absence of all semblance of earthly feeling or earthly passion in her slumbering sister, the infantile repose which brooded over the candid face, augmented Marian's feelings of nascent dislike or disaffection. An angry sense of vexation that Annabel should be able to sleep sound and quiet even amid her griefs, while she could neither rest in mind or body. Then she began to justify herself in her own eyes by suffering her mind to dwell on the idea that Annabel could not be wronged by her, should she consent to wed Ernest, for that her very calmness and tranquillity must needs betoken the absence of true passion.

While she was wondering thus a slight sound from the garden under the windows caught her ear, and she started wildly, her heart bounding as if it would have burst out of her tortured bosom. A shadow steals not across the moonlighted landscape more noiselessly than did Marian Hawkwood glide over the carpet to the lattice, and gaze down into the quiet shrubbery. Alas! for Marian—there on the gravel walk, half hidden by the shadow of the giant sycamores—stood the graceful and courtly figure of the tempter. His eyes were directed upward to the casement at which she was standing—they met hers—and on the instant, deeply versed in all the hypocrisies of gallantry, Ernest De Vaux knelt down, and clasped his hands as if he were in prayer, and she might see his lips tremble in the moonlight.

She turned—she retrod the chamber floor in silence—she stood again beside her sister's bed—but this time it was to see only whether that sister's ears were sealed in oblivious slumber. As she paused, she had an opportunity of judging whether the dreams of that pale sleeper were indeed so blissful—whether the heart of Annabel was so serene and passionless. The moonbeams fell full on her face, as I have said, and Marian saw two heavy tears glide from her deeply curtained lids, and slide down her transparent cheeks: and while she gazed upon her she stirred, and stretched out both her arms, as if to clasp some one and murmured in her sleep the name—of Marian.

Had that [illegible] looked out and saw Ernest, all might yet have been well—but it was all too late—passion was burning in her every vein, and bounding in her every pulse—it was too late!—she turned and left the chamber.

Cautiously she stole to the staircase, groping her way in the glimmering twilight through the long oaken corridor—as she reached the stair-head she again paused, listened, and trembled—did she hesitate? Upon that landing place there stood two complete panoplies of steel, worn by some loyal Hawkwood of old time in the wars of the Roses, and as the eyes of the excited girl fell upon them, it appeared to her that the spirits of her dead ancestors were looking out from the bars of their avantailles reproachfully on their delinquent daughter. Hastily she darted past them, and flew down the stairs and reached the vestibule, and there she met another interruption, for a small favorite greyhound—her favorite—she had reared it from a puppy when its dam perished—which was sleeping on the mat, rose up and fawned upon her, and would not be repulsed, but stood erect on its hinder legs and laid its long paws on her arm, as she thought afterward, imploringly, and uttered a low ominous whine as she cast it off.

She unbolted the hall door, opened it, glided out like a guilty spectre into the glimpses of the moon—and as she did so a fleecy cloud passed over the pale face of the planet, and a long wailing cry rose plaintively upon the still night. It was but the cry of an owl—there were hundreds of them in the woods around, and she heard them hoot nightly—yet now she shuddered at the sound as if it were a warning—and was it not so? The smallest things are instruments in the hands of HIM, to whom all earthly things are small.

CHAPTER XI.

Despite the warning sounds, which at the moment smote on her soul so ominously, Marian went down the steps leading from the little porch into the garden, although her steps faltered, and her heart beat violently between fear and expectation, and the consciousness that she was acting wrongly. Before she had advanced, however, ten paces, round the corner of the Hall, into the grove of sycamores, wherein the shadows fell dark and heavy over the gravel walk, which threaded it, she was joined by Ernest de Vaux.

He appeared, at the moment, to be little less agitated than she was herself; his countenance, even to the lips, was ashy pale, and she could see that he trembled and it was owing, perhaps, to this very visible embarrassment on his part, that Marian felt less forcibly the extreme impropriety, if not indelicacy, of her own conduct.

Had he come to meet her, confident, proud, and evidently exhilarated by the success of his machinations, it is probable that her modesty would have been offended; that she would have discovered the danger she was running, and withdrawn, ere it was yet too late, for happiness or honor.

But, as it was, when she saw the man she loved, coming to meet her, wan and agitated, timid and with the trace of tears on his pallid cheeks, a sense of pity rose in her bosom, and lent its aid to the pleadings of that deceptive advocate within her soul, which needed no assistance in his favor.

Still, as she met him, there was an air of dignity, and self-restraint, and maidenly reserve about her, that went some little way at least, to screen her from the consequences of her exceeding indiscretion; and when she addressed him—for it was she who spoke the first—it was in a voice far cooler, and more resolute, than the mind which suggested and informed it.

"I trust"—she said—"my Lord de Vaux, that you have good, and sufficient cause, for the strange request which you made me at our last interview—some cause, I mean, sir, that may justify you, in requiring a lady to meet you thus clandestinely, and alone, and *her* in consenting to do so. There has been so much strange and mysterious, my lord, in your whole conduct and demeanor, from the first to the last; and that mystery—if not deceit—has wrought effects, so baleful on my sister's happiness, that I confess I have hoped you may have something to communicate that may, in some degree, palliate your own motives, which now seem so evil; and repair the positive evil which you have done her. It is on this consideration only, that I have consented to give you a hearing. It is in this trust only, that I have taken a step, which I fear me, is unmaidenly and wrong in itself—but it is by my motives, that my conduct must be judged; and I know those to be honorable and correct. Now, my lord, may it please you to speak quickly that you have got to say—but let me caution you, that I hear no addresses, nor receive any pleadings, meant for my own ear—one such word, and I leave you. Speak, my lord!"

"You are considerate, ever, dear young lady"—replied Ernest de Vaux, in tones of deep respect, not drawing very near to her, nor offering to take her hand, nor tendering any of those customary familiarities, which, though perfectly natural at any other time, might, under present circumstances, have had the effect of alarming her, and checking her freedom of demeanor.

"You are considerate, ever, dear young lady! and I am bold to say it, your confidence is not misplaced, nor shall your trust be deceived!"

"I do not know"—answered Marian—"I do not know, my lord! It is for you to show that—at present, appearances are much against you; nor do I see what explanation you can make, that shall exonerate you. But to the point, my lord, to the point!"

"None, Miss Hawkwood—none! I have no explanations that I can make which shall exonerate ——!"

"Then why"—she interrupted him, warmly and energetically—"why have you brought me hither?—or to what do you expect that I shall listen?—not, methinks! to a traitor's love-tale?"

"Which shall exonerate me, I would have said"—De Vaux resumed, as quickly as she left off speaking—"had you permitted me, from the grossest and most blind folly—hallucination—madness!—Yes! I believe I have been mad."

"Madness my lord;" exclaimed Marian, "is very apt to be the plea of some people for doing just whatsoever they think fit—without regard to principle or honor, to the feelings of their fellow creatures, or to the good opinion of the world. I trust it is not so with you—but I, for one, have never seen aught in your conduct that was incompatible with the most sound and serious sanity."

"I hardly know how I may speak to you without offence, dear mistress Marian. My object, in requesting you to hear a few last words from a very wretched, and very penitent man, arose from a painful yearning to stand pardoned, if not justified, in the eyes of one being at least, of this family, to whom I owe so much, and by whom I am now so grievously misapprehended."

[illegible] ously, and her eye sparkled for a moment, and her pale cheek flushed crimson—"then you have some excuse to offer—well! my lord, well.—It was in hopes of hearing such, that I came hither—there can be no offence to me in that—I shall be very glad to hear that one of whom I have thought well, is worthy of such estimation."

"But to prove that," he answered, in a soft, low voice, "I must enter upon a history, I must speak to you of things that passed long ago—of things that passed at York!"

"My Lord!" and she started back, a brief spark of indignation gleaming in her bright eyes—"my lord!"

"Nay"—he replied, humbly and sadly—"if you forbid me to speak, I am silent—but by no other means can I exculpate myself, but by naming these things—and I asseverate to you by the earth, and the heavens, and all that they contain!—I swear to you, by HIM, who made them all! that, if you deign to hear me, I have a perfect and complete defence, against all but the charge of folly. And, as you hope for happiness yourself, here or hereafter, I do conjure you hear me!"

"Your promises are very strong, my lord; and your adjuration such, that I may not refuse to listen to you."

"I must speak to you of yourself, lady!"

"Of myself?"

"Aye! of yourself—for you, Marian Hawkwood, are the cause, the sole cause of everything that has appeared inconsistent, base, or guilty on my part!"

"I! my lord—I!—I the cause of your inconsistency, your guilt, your baseness!"—she cried, indignantly—"Prove it—prove it—but I defy you!"—she added, more calmly, and with a scornful intonation of voice—"You know that all this is word—words—false and empty words! Now, sir, speak out at once, or I leave you—better it were, perhaps, had I never come at all!"

Better, indeed. Alas! poor Marian, that your own words should be so terribly prophetic, that your one fault should have so sealed and stamped your life with the impression of remorse and sorrow. For Ernest de Vaux had now gained his end, he had so stimulated and excited her curiosity, and through her curiosity, her interest, that she was now prepared, nay, eager, to listen to words, which, a little while before, she would have shrunk from hearing. And he perceived the advantage he had gained—for all his seeming agitation and embarrassment, were but consummate acting, and made himself ready to profit by it to the utmost.

"You cannot but remember, lady"—he resumed, artfully, adopting the unconcerned tone of a mere narrator—"the day when I first saw you at the High Sheriff's ball?"

"I do not know, my lord, what very charming memories I had to fix the time or place upon my mind, other event by no means striking or delightful as it at the High Sheriff's ball?—it might have been, doubtless; for I was there—and if you say it was, I do not doubt that you are right."

But this affected unconcern, this little stratagem of poor Marian availed her nothing with De Vaux; for he saw through it in a moment. He knew instinctively and instantly, that it was affected—and more, the affectation convinced him that there was something that she would conceal; and that that something was, his consummate knowledge of the female heart informed him readily. But he replied, as if he was taken in by her artifice.

"It is fortunate for you," he said, "that you can forget so easily—would to God! that I had been able to do likewise—but if you have forgotten the time and the place, I cannot believe that you have as readily forgotten the deep and evident impression which your charms made upon me—my eagerness to gain your acquaintance—my constant and assiduous attentions—in short—the deep and ardent passion with which you had filled my very soul, from the first hour of our meeting."

"Indeed!"—she replied, very scornfully, and coldly—"you do far too much honor to my penetration. I never once suspected anything of the kind; nor do I even now conjecture what motive can impel you to feign, what, I believe, never had an existence in reality."

"You must have been blind, indeed—lady—as blind as I was mad! And yet you cannot deny that my eye dwelt on you; followed you everywhere—that I danced with you constantly, with you *alone*, and that when I danced not with you, I waited ever nigh you, to catch one glance from your eye, one murmur from your sweet voice. You cannot but have noticed this!"

"And if I did, my lord?—and if I did, ladies of birth and station, do not imagine that every young man, who likes to dance with them, and talk soft nonsense to them, who perhaps thinks them pretty enough, or witty enough, to wile away a tedious hour in the country, is in love with them—any more than they wish gentlemen to flatter themselves, that *they* have yielded up their hearts, because they condescend to be amused by lively conversation, or even flattered by attentions, which they receive as things of course!"

"And did you so receive—did you, so think of my attentions?"

"Upon my word, my lord, I don't remember that I thought anything at all about them—that I perceived them even! But your self-justification is taking a strange turn. To what is all this tending, I beseech you?"

"To this—Marian Hawkwood—that when I saw you daily, nightly, at York, I loved you with the whole passionate and violent devotion of a free, honest heart—that I endeavored by all means in my power, by the most eager and assiduous devotion, by all those nameless indescribable attentions, which we are taught to believe that women prize above all things—"

"Women are much obliged to you, my lord, upon my word!" she interrupted him.

"To let you perceive," he continued, as if he had not heard her, "to make you understand how I adored you; and I believed that I had not been unsuccessful—I believed more, that you both saw, and appreciated, and returned my love, Marian!"

"Did you, indeed?" she replied, with a bitter expression of haughtiness and scorn. "Did you, indeed, believe so! Then you were, in the first place, very unhappily mistaken—and, in the second, egregiously misled by your vain self-conceit."

"I believe not, Mistress Marian—ladies are generally sufficiently clear-sighted in matters that concern the heart—especially when men endeavor to make those matters evident to them. I did so—and you received my attentions with very evident gratification. I do not now believe that you are in the least a coquette—though I did think so for a time—besides, I *know* that you love me now."

"Love you," she replied, with a burst of fiery indignation, "nay! but I hate, scorn, loathe, detest you!" and she gave way in a moment, to a paroxysm of violent and hysterical weeping; staggered back to a garden chair; and sank into it; and lay there with her head drooping upon her breast—the tears [illegible] summer's rain, and her heart throbbing and bounding as if it would break from her bosom.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

THE NAMELESS BARD.

BY J. B. TAYLOR.

They keep his memory yet—
That gentle-souled, that meek-eyed, dreaming boy!
They speak of him, as if there were a joy
Even in their sad regret,
To breathe his name who gladdened once their eyes—
Like a meek angel in a mortal's guise!

Still speak they of the child
Who from the merriest sport would steal away,
Where his young brothers gathered at their play,
To seek some dim-wood wild;
Where through the boughs the blue sky's summer smile
Shone on his heart, in quiet joy the while.

All creatures shared his love.
His pure heart flowed in kindness out to all!
Freely as do the warm, glad sunbeams fall.
It seemed as if the dove,
Moaning in secret, ceased when he was near,
And rang the woodland robins note more clear.

But childhood passed away;
Cares that he could not brave came o'er his track—
Awhile he struggled on the world's grim rack,
Keeping his heart at bay;
But vainly shrinking spirits war with pride—
The world looked coldly on him—and he died!

His was no coward heart
That feared to meet misfortune; he could bear
If men but loved him, any weight of care,
But could not dwell apart,
Checking his proud desires, since none might know
From what far height the poet's feelings flow.

And so he early died.
A spirit walking the dull earth alone—
Its bright and heavenly nature never known—
The glory and the pride
Of a pure soul forever lost to earth,
Crushed by man's avarice in its hour of birth.

There are proud names in song;
Lays caught from Heaven have pealed from earthly lyres,
And bards have taught the world their glorious fires
To higher spheres belong:
Men own their power when Time has tried their strain,
Yet doom the Nameless Bard to wo and pain!

They see the light afar,
Blind to the jewel glowing at their feet,
Till death has claimed a life at best too fleet:
While, like a new-born star,
Another soul, released from earthly wrong,
Has joined the glorious Brotherhood of Song!

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

ELLEN ELMER.

Or, The Spring of the Valley.

BY MARY A. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, when a horseman might be seen advancing slowly along a sylvan road, not far from the pretty village of Olney. He was apparently about nineteen, and had quite a prepossessing appearance. His face was manly rather than beautiful, but he had the most lovely chesnut curls, and an eye of great brilliancy and expression. His figure was well knit, and rather above the medium height, and he rode his high-spirited animal with ease and grace.

Suddenly the road emerged from the woodlands, and the traveller found himself in one of those sweet and placid vallies with which our lovely land abounds. On one side in the distance swelled up a gentle elevation, covered with green fields and clumps of forest oaks. On the other side the hill rose more abruptly, though the nearly precipitous sides were, in part, concealed by the primeval trees which everywhere overspread it. For the space of three or four hundred yards, however, immediately before the traveller, both sides of the valley, were covered with woods; and just where the cleared land, on the left began, an opening might be seen in the hill-side, as if a lateral valley there ran off to the north. From the precipitous hill-side opposite this gap, gushed a spring of the clearest water, which, after falling into a rude stone basin, overflowed the sides, and brawled away in a gentle rivulet.

When the traveller entered this lovely and quiet valley it was already late in the afternoon, so late that the sun was beginning to decline behind the western hill, and his beams, struggling between a clump of maples in the distance, were silvering the water in the fountain and gilding the greensward around, with farewell radiance. The solemn shade of the valley everywhere, except in this spot; and the deep quiet of approaching evening caused the horseman to draw his rein insensibly and gaze on the landscape. He had thus stood a moment, when, from the gap of the opposite hill, emerged a young girl scarcely above the childish age, but of wonderful beauty. Her dress bespoke her a cottager; but nature had bestowed on her a face and form that would have been envied by the proudest princess. Her hair was raven, soft and silky, and fell in natural ringlets over shoulders exquisitely rounded and white as statuary marble. Her eyes were large, full and dark, and her mouth the prettiest in the world.

"By Jove!" said the youthful traveller, "a perfect beauty. I have not seen so elegant a face and figure among all the beauties of New Haven. What a glorious woman she will be. Faith! how prettily she trips. As old Sir John Suckling has it, her feet, 'like little mice peep in and out.' I'll ask Arabella who she can be."

The girl had by this time advanced to the spring, where she filled her pitcher, and then turned to look around, while she rested it on the stone basin. Never was a more beautiful picture as she stood there, for but one moment, with the mellow sunlight falling around her form. Suddenly her eye caught that of the stranger. She blushed at his ardent look, and catching up her pitcher, bounded off like a startled fawn. The gaze of the horseman followed her until she disappeared. When he looked at the fountain again the sunshine had disappeared. He heaved a deep sigh and said,

"Heigho! the place seems as dark as a dungeon without her. She came and went like a fairy. How charmingly she blushed! I wonder how old she can be?—thirteen I should say. If she were older I might lose my heart. Beautiful child!"

He put spurs to his horse, and at a gallop dashed down the road, turned sharply into the little lateral valley, where she had disappeared, and keeping on with unabated speed through the village, which lay there hidden in the lap of the hills like a violet nestling in a quiet nook, never drew rein until he stopped before an imposing mansion embowered in trees, about a quarter of a mile beyond the hamlet. Here a servant quickly appeared, to whom he flung his bridle. A minute after he was welcomed by his guardian, and then, in rapid succession, by the lady of the house, and her daughter Annabel, the latter of whom coming forward with an affected air, languidly bid the handsome youth welcome.

Henry Osmond had been left an orphan at an early age. His father's will had appointed for the guardian of the boy a gentleman every way worty of the office; and under whose care the property of the young heir had accumulated during a long minority to a fortune unusually large. This guardian had an only daughter, who, though yet young, was of unbounded ambition, a trait which she inherited from her mother. These two had long resolved in their own minds that the yonng heir should be the husband of Annabel: and so adroitly had they manœuvred, that Osmond, ever since he began to think of the subject at all, had considered it as a matter of course, that Miss Webster was some day to be his wife. The father stood aloof from these machinations, of which indeed he was scarcely conscious. But regarding Osmond as a lad of high promise, he treated him as an especial favorite. Thus the young heir found himself universally courted at the hall; where accordingly, he always spent his vacations. On a visit of this kind he had now come.

"By the bye, Annabel," said Osmond, the next day, "who is the pretty girl I met at the valley spring yesterday? She has dark hair and eyes, and may be about thirteen. I saw her enter the second cottage on the right as I turned into the street. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, or dreamed of."

"Indeed!" said Annabel, surprised out of her usual languid tone [illegible] that," added Osmond, coloring at his earnestness when he saw his companion's eye fixed on him.

Annabel, though scarcely sixteen, had already learned to be artful. She saw that Osmond was interested in this girl, and she determined to destroy the power of her rival, even at the expense of a falsehood.

"She is pretty, but that is all. Such a temper: her mother can do nothing with her. She wished to bind her to us, but ma would not have her about the house on any account. There was some talk about her having committed a theft that would have sent her to the Penitentiary, but it was hushed up for her parents are excellent people in their way, only poor, and you know, as all such people are, very vulgar."

Osmond sighed involuntarily that one so beautiful should be so base; he implicitly believed all that his companion had said. He thought no more of the pretty cottager that day, but if her image would sometimes rise before him, he dismissed it, with a passing regret.

CHAPTER II.

Years had passed away since the events narrated in our last chapter, and Osmond, having completed his collegiate course, and made a tour of two years in Europe, was once more on a visit at his guardian's. He had been received by Mrs. Webster, now a widow, and by her daughter with smiles and courtesies; and Annabel was already arranging in her mind what her wedding dress should be, and in what style her household should be arranged. Not that Osmond had said anything to warrant the supposition that he contemplated a speedy marriage, but Annabel and her mother had no doubt he would now settle, and whom would he choose but her whom he had tacitly regarded from boyhood as his future wife? Besides, Mrs. Webster had more than once known third parties to tease Osmond about her daughter, and in no case had he uttered a denial, but seemed to consider the marriage as a matter of course.

And such indeed had been Osmond's determination when he arrived from Europe. He remembered Annabel as quite a pretty girl, a little affected it is true, but to atone for this, very accomplished, and having an exquisite taste in dress. She had, moreover, left on his mind the impression of an amiable heart, for he noticed that she was always dutiful to her parents, and kind and condescending to the servants. But now, on his return, though he found her improved in personal appearance, her affectation, instead of disappearing as he hoped, had grown into a habit: and, on one or two occasions, he had overheard slight altercations between her and her mother, when it was supposed that he was out of hearing. These things made him hesitate in executing his first resolution, to propose for Annabel at once. He determined to wait, and observe, before he made the final step.

The Sunday after his return he rode over to church in the neighboring parish, intending to dine with the minister, an old friend of his father. After service the good old man came out and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Welcome back, my dear young friend," said the rector, "you grow more and more like your father. You will come and dine with me. That is right. You know our Sunday fare, so I need make no apology. Leave your horse here; the sexton will bring him over to the parsonage: and then we can walk home through the orchard."

At dinner, a young lady sat at the head of the table, whose appearance struck Osmond so forcibly that only politeness restrained him from staring at her. She was eminently beautiful: and, moreover, it seemed as if he had seen the face somewhere before, though where he could not tell. He knew the rector had never married, and he had never heard of any relatives. Besides the name was a strange one. Elmer. Miss Elmer! He had never heard of a family in the country of that name. When they adjourned to the library, Osmond could not help alluding to the subject.

"Ah! yes she is a lovely creature," said the kind old minister in reply to the young man's remark, "and she is as good as she is lovely. You are right in saying the name is a strange one in the country. The poor girl is an orphan. Both her parents died about four years ago, shortly after they moved into this neighborhood. They were but poor cottagers, though they had seen better days. As there was no one to care for their daughter, I received her into my house, and when poor old Hannah, my housekeeper, died, the dear child took her place, and I think we shall never part, for I love her as my own flesh and blood, and I believe she would make any sacrifice for me."

The conversation now changed, and after awhile Osmond left, promising to return soon again. Nor was he long in fulfilling his promise, for the image of the beautiful housekeeper was constantly before him, and the week seemed dull in which he did ride over to the parsonage at least twice. Annabel began to wonder at the frequency of these visits, but as she knew nothing of the attractions of the good rector's household, she remained in happy ignorance of the threatened destruction to her plans.

If the rector saw the growing interest of Osmond in his protegee, he at least said nothing, but suffered matters to take their course. The young man, let him come as often as he pleased, was always welcome, and, after awhile, the minister did not hesitate to leave the housekeeper to entertain his guest, if duty required his own presence elsewhere. These *tete-a-tetes* became, finally, the most precious portion of Osmond's visit; and he even began to feel disappointed when his venerable friend was able to remain at home, preferring much rather the sweet society of Ellen Elmer. Yet he was not in love: at least he was not aware of being so. He was only conscious of having more than once contrasted Annabel with the good rector's protegee, and the result was always in favor of the latter.

CHAPTER III.

A delicious October morning! The sky was without a cloud, the air fresh and balmy, and the song of the corn-huskers rang from hill to hill. As Osmond rode through his favorite lanes, in his way across the country to the parsonage, he thought he had never seen nature so beautiful. And when, alighting at the garden gate, he beheld Ellen in the porch, as if awaiting him, with a heightened color in her cheek, and a look of welcome in her eyes, his heart beat tumultuously.

They walked together in the neighboring parlor. The rector had gone out; and they seated themselves in silence. Somehow Osmond had never felt so happy. The remembrance of her look, as he rode up, lingered in his memory; and for awhile he remained without speaking, indulging in this delicious recollection. At length he spoke.

"Do you know, Ellen," he said, "that I often think I have met you somewhere before; though when, or in what place, I vainly try to call to mind. I am sure I have either seen or dreamed of a face like yours."

Ellen blushed to her brow, and then gave him an arch look.

"And *have* you *never* met me before?" she said.

"I cannot recollect where?"

"Perhaps I can enlighten you," she replied. "Do you remember, four year ago, the first day you arrived at Webster's?"

"Yes!"

"And do you remember stopping at the spring in the valley?"

"Why—you are not the beautiful cottager I saw there!" exclaimed Osmond, a sudden light breaking in on him. "Yes! I see it now. There are the same eyes—the same hair. What a fool I have been!"

Ellen now blushed more than ever. Suddenly the look of radiant joy died from Osmond's face: he remembered what Annabel had told him. And could this lovely creature, whose society had grown almost necessary to his existence, have been the disobedient child, the victim of her violent passions, of whom Annabel had spoken. His brow grew clouded. But noticing Ellen's eye fixed inquiringly on him, and dreading lest she should attribute it to a wrong cause, he rallied himself, and soon pretending that he had come on especial business with the rector, took his leave.

Poor Osmond! [illegible] with which he learned Ellen's identity convinced him that he loved her. He could not, for a moment, think of marrying a person with such violent passions, and he almost hated the orphan for having deceived him with her apparent sweetness of temper, which he now saw was only put on for the occasion. These were his first feelings. But after he had ridden a mile he began to ask himself if Annabel might not possibly be mistaken. He recalled to mind all that the good rector had said in her favor; and the result was that he reached home with a comparatively light heart, determined to bring up the subject before Annabel.

But this designing girl, though utterly ignorant of the cause that prompted Osmond's enquiries, remembered the incident to which he alluded and adhered to her former story, adding,

"I believe I told you her parents were respectable people; but I was deceived. They left the village directly afterward, and no one knows where they went. Why do you ask?"

Osmond hesitated whether to confess the truth; but some unaccountable impulse suddenly decided him to do so. Annabel's color changed at his relation: she felt she had gone too far; and her very embarrassment strengthened the doubts of her truth which had begun to arise in Osmond's mind. He ventured to say,

"But are you quite sure that you are not misinformed?"

Annabel for an instant forgot herself, for she now saw, for the first time, she had a rival, and in the surprise, her usual dissimulation in Osmond's presence gave way before the natural violence of her temper.

"You may believe me or not," she said, with eyes sparkling with rage. "You seem to think more of that beggar's word than of mine," and, overcome by passion, she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Osmond rose in astonishment. His worst suspicions of Annabel's temper were confirmed, and his doubts as to the accuracy of her relation increased. He resolved to satisfy himself at once by returning to the parsonage, waiting there for the rector, and unburdening to him his whole mind. Few men could be as energetic as Osmond, and before noon he was closeted with the minister.

"My dear young friend," said the rector, when Osmond had finished his narration, "Every word of that haughty woman's story is untrue. I have long known her passionate character, her disregard of truth, and her own and her mother's designs on you. But I knew your good sense would penetrate their plot; or if it did not, I saw there was time enough as yet to warn you. This accounts for my silence. As for Ellen I have known her for years, and she is as amiable as she is lovely. What you see her, such she is always. Her family, though reduced, is good, much better indeed than that of the Websters. Both her parents bore an irreproachable character. I am shocked at the baseness that could invent such charges against her. Why—at that time—Miss Webster could not have been more than sixteen. Alas! the inborn wickedness of the human heart."

"You relieve my mind from a load," said Osmond, "need I tell you I love Ellen, and that I will, this instant, lay my fortune at her feet."

"God bless you both!" said the old rector rising. "You will never repent of your choice. You will find the dear girl in the garden arbor, for she reads there at this hour every day."

Osmond did find her there, and before an hour he and Ellen returned to the house, and solicited together the rector's benediction. In just one month from that day they were united, their kind old friend performing the ceremony.

Annabel is still unmarried, and she will probably continue so. But though she regrets her conduct, we fear it is not with true repentance.

The last we heard of our hero and heroine, they were established at a handsome residence, in the same village with the rector, while a family of lovely children was growing up around them.

STEAMBOAT SCENE.—A large, fat, pompous woman, who was ever and anon overlooking her husband, (a thin, lank personage, with a baby in his arms, who exhibited every mark of prolonged annoyance,) in reply to a meek complaint on his part of fatigue, and the expression of a wish that the nurse might get over her sea-sickness, said—"I never saw a man conduct so before—never on the face of the globed airth. If I'd ha' known that you was goin' to act in *this* way, *I wouldn't ha' fetched you*!" The gentleman straightway sang the "Lay of the Henpecked" to the crying baby, and was thenceforth as mum as an oyster.—*Knickerbocker.*

LIVING IN NEW YORK.—"What do you call for?" said a waiter at one of our eating-houses, to a rough looking customer, dressed in a cartman's frock. "Bring me," said he, "a bowl of Green Turtle Soup with plenty of balls in it—a plate of boiled Salmon and Green Peas, and some Strawberries and Cream." "Mercy on me," said an Englishman present, "what a country. No Alderman in sound of bow bells could call for such a dinner and have it by calling," and yet the whole expense was but two and sixpence sterling.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturdday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Since our last the "can't-get-aways" of this city have diminished in a most perceivable manner. Many persons whom we had firmly counted upon as bound to stay in the city while they remained any where—men who seemed of manly mood and capable of resisting the blandishments of the syren Change, have fallen from their allegiance, and are off to Cape May, Saratoga, or some of the other places where people annually congregate. There they crowd each other in the search of room—perspire in the uninterrupted rays of a burning sun—and forego the comforts of home with a most stoical heroism. Well, every one to his taste. Give us the pleasant ventilation of the West in the house in the morning, and the East in the afternoon—the shady side of the street (there are nothing but roads in the country) for *our* peregrinations! Give us the home fixings, and the daily paper, the new book, the ice cream without gravel, the walk in the squares without copper-heads or rattle-snakes—the bath in the tub without the danger of drowning or the sting of sea nettles! What is surf? We can make a froth of our own. What's spa-water? We can fill a bottle half full of iron filings, or take iodine and done with it. What are sulphur springs? For particulars enquire of Mrs. Squeers, who, good soul knew how to deliver the article "highly concentrated."

Travelling is very well for those who like it. Commend us, however, to the true warm weather comfort, ease and quiet—the genuine hot weather bliss—the *dolce far niente*. When the thermometer is at ninety-eight in the shade—when the spatterings and belchings of the steam-engine start the evaporation from your body like a smoking pitcher of ice water—when the steamboat paddles disturb a glassy sea, which reflects back the deadening heat of a burning sun—then, we say, give us quiet, and spare the trouble of moving about to encounter such disagreeables. [N. B. Provided the writer of this *should* get a chance to go into the country, all the above goes for nothing.]

The military are now all gone—the country troops back to their homes, and the citizens to their houses. The streets no more resound with the clatter of the hoofs of squadrons of horse, and the rattling drum and ear-piercing fife no more disturb the city. Matters are resuming their business train again, as far as this, the most inactive season of the year, will admit, and no one who did not read the papers could suspect that a riot ever had occurred here. Even in Southwark the marks of dilapidation are already nearly obliterated. Wherever putty, paint, glass, or a fresh panel can hide the marks of the slugs and balls, the some marks of rough handling—the tin spouts are drilled through and through here and there, and some door steps show signs of battery; but in a very little while it will require some previous knowledge to show the enquirer where *were* the evidences of the fearful doings of that Sabbath night.

In the political world all is measurably quiet. The parties are girding themselves for the coming contest, but the rallying cries of the partisan leaders fall on rather deaf ears, and the admiration points of the political newspaper squibs and leaders cease to attract people's eyes during the summer solstice. In our local municipal arrangements there are symptoms of a desire to agitate the propriety of a change, which shall consolidate the city and county under one government—to some extent, if not completely. This is a matter that—once fairly broached—will excite a great deal of discussion. So many interests and feelings are to be consulted in any disturbance of our present regulations and boundaries, that any attempt at change will involve some very nice questions.

In the literary world the publishers begin to show some tokens of activity, partly in view of the Fall trade, and partly from incidental causes. Our newspaper literary department has to-day the postponements of two or three weeks to carry, and therefore is unusually full.

The general features of this day's sheet will, we think, be much more agreeable to the general reader than was the aspect of the two last papers. The great absorbing theme of those two weeks has passed away. More evidence has been given before the examining magistrates; but nothing which would throw any new light upon the disturbances of which, we believe, we have given a full and impartial history. The authorities are proceeding with commendable diligence and activity in ferreting out, and apprehending those concerned. Performance of their duty now, will prevent trouble hereafter; our county and municipal officers, aided by the sentiment and voice of the people, are making such efforts that we have no misgivings as to the issue.

A pleasant chapter of gossip from the old world will be found in our Bristol correspondent's letter. The political intelligence by the last arrival is of next to no consequence whatever—the commercial advices are of an encouraging character.

THE MORMONS.

Affairs are stated to have settled down into comparative quiet, in the vicinity of the Mormon country. The Mormons themselves have no disposition for aggression, for whatever they may have been hitherto, their spirit is now broken; so that if any difficulty does occur, it must originate with their enemies. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance upon the last rites to the Prophet and his murdered companions, but no disorder, and no apparent sign of any disposition or desire to avenge their deaths. The burial places of the two Smiths is kept a secret, in order to avoid any danger of their being disturbed or removed. The box in which the coffin of Smith was brought to Nauvoo has been sawed into strips, and distributed for walking canes to the prominent among the faithful.

The mantle of the Prophet, it is stated, will probably fall upon Dr. Richards, a leading member of the community. He is a Massachusetts Yankee, and is said to be an able man. The widow of the deceased founder of this singular sect, it is stated, holds a testamentary expression of the desire of the prophet relative to a successor. That desire, we think will prove *law*; for if Smith was almost worshipped before, he will be quite worshipped now. Driving him out of Ohio and out of Mississippi founded the city of Nauvoo. Killing him in the brutal manner in which he was massacred may yet found not merely a Mormon city, but a Mormon state or nation.

BORN TO BE HANGED.

A boy was observed very busy in arranging something on a sidewalk in New Haven, and on going to the spot it was discovered that he had been placing a quantity of three-quarter inch tacks on the pavement, with the heads down and the points up, in order that barefooted children might run them in their feet. If that boy was not born to be hanged, there is no faith to be put in omens.

THE OLD WORLD.

Intelligence by the Hibernia, at Boston, represents cotton as fully an eighth of a penny a pound higher than at the last previous advices, and the demand as well sustained. Some of the London editors do not appear to like the quantities in which American provisions and other articles are finding their way into Great Britain. The London Morning Post says:

"It will not escape observation, that the Americans continue to pour in their farming produce upon us. We have, in the list of the Prince Albert's cargo, 1,554 packages of lard, 1,808 packages of cheese, and 540 packages of cured beef, all of them commodities that may be supplied by our own people, in the most ample abundance and perfection. We have also a farther importation of clocks, chairs, brooms, and biscuits, so that, while thousands of poor people are roaming about the country in search of employment, many of whom have been deprived of it in consequence of the sinking condition of our native agriculture, the Americans have the privilege of serving us not only in the capacity of butchers, bakers, cheesemongers, and the like, upon a large scale, but of becoming our clock, broom, and chairmakers. The contents of 1,150 packages of merchandise, of which no particulars are given, may be believed to comprehend a variety of things, the importation of which, from foreign countries, interferes directly with English industry."

In Parliamentary or State matters there is little of anything to record. The Ministers appeared averse to pressing measures to a decision, as the session was drawing to an adjournment. The repeal rent in Ireland kept up to the high sum it took upon the conviction of Mr. O'Connell. The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have appointed Sunday, the 28th instant, as a day of fasting and humiliation.

Among the deaths announced we notice that of Campbell, the poet, and of Geoffry St. Hilaire, whose reputation stood so high in the scientific world.

The steamer Manchester, Captain Dudley, was lost off the mouth of the Elbe, on the 17th June. Her passengers, six in number, and her crew and cargo were lost.

Incendiarism prevailed to a frightful extent in the agricultural counties of England. In Suffolk alone, there have been 131 fires since Christmas.

The news from the continent is not of much importance. From the East we learn that Lord Ellenborough was preparing to subjugate still more of that country; and from Africa we hear that the Moroccian army, without the approval of their superiors, had made a most treacherous attack upon the French troops, while a treaty was pending. The Moroccians were met with terrible slaughter, while of the French troops, but a very small number fell. For items of miscellaneous news the reader is referred to our correspondence.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Dr. Culbertson's Paper Mill, at Chambersburg, Pa., was blown down by a tornado, on Friday, the 19th instant. It was a large five story building, and the details of the accident are frightful.

There were nineteen persons in the mill at the time it fell; all were taken out alive, but some of them so dreadfully injured as to leave no hope of their recovery. Dr. E. Culbertson is very severely injured. When he was first discovered, he was hanging by the feet, which had been caught among the timber. It was a considerable time before he could be taken from his perilous situation, on account of the difficulty of getting to him, and the heavy weight of timber resting on his feet. He screamed frightfully, and begged of those around him to cut off his legs and save him from the horrible agony he was suffering; his ancle bone is fractured, and he is bruised very much, but not considered dangerous. John Culbertson, another son of Dr. C., was considerably injured. He was much bruised about the body—not dangerous. Another son of Mr. Reid, quite a child, had his skull fractured. He was got out, also, by the females. It was heart sickening to hear the poor child beg of the doctors to save his life. His case is considered bad. Philip Craver and Michal Craver, (Cav. injured)—the father dangerously—his shoulder has been fractured, and some of his ribs also, besides other severe injuries. The son was discovered hanging by the hand, which had been caught by the timber; he suffered dreadfully—the flesh of his hand very much torn. His head was badly hurt, either by his falling, or by the timber falling on him; he suffered dreadfully, as it was a considerable time before he could be got down. He hung, as did also Dr. F. Culbertson, above the stone wall which forms the first story of the mill at the west end. He tried hard to get his knife out of his pocket to cut off the hand by which he hung. He is not considered dangerously hurt.

CHANCE FOR THE LAWYERS.

Our readers are aware that there are two Mexican steamers in New York, undergoing repairs. The New York Express mentions that the Commander of the Mexican steamer Gaudaloupe has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of $1,000, upon the complaint of one of the seamen on board and in the Mexican service. The arrest was for false imprisonment—the complaint of the seaman being, that he was detained against his will. It is further said, that the complainant was a Texan, found bearing arms against Mexico, and that he was permitted to go unpunished upon condition that he would enlist in the Mexican Navy. The seaman now claims the protection of our Courts, in order that he may escape the service of Mexico.

With all deference for our neighbors in Gotham, we do not see what reasonable pretext could be found for the Captain's arrest. If the man complaining is a Texan, he certainly has no right to assistance from the United States. If he is a citizen of the United States, taken in arms against Mexico, he has as little. If he was a British subject, applying to British authorities, there might be opportunity to assert the old dogma "once a subject always a subject;" but in the case as it stands, we do not see that any thing can be done for him. However, the New Yorkers have their own way of doing things.

CAPE MAY.

This fashionable resort for our citizens has never been more popular than this summer; and the company is certainly superior to that of any former year. Many private cottages were put up there, this spring, while the hotels and boarding houses increased their accommodations. Yet notwithstanding all, the Island is thronged. The obliging hosts of the Atlantic, Miller's, and Ludlam's, continue, however, to satisfy their guests, and, to judge of the hearty laugh and healthy faces of those who return, all are contented. A visit to the capes is better than a windfall of fortune, in way of enlivening the spirits. Those who have not yet gone should make haste and depart. Let them take the Robert Morris, Captain Douglass—the swiftest boat on the river—and in six or seven hours they will find themselves on the Island, with the cool sea-breeze blowing about them, and the roar of the surf to lull them to sleep. What more can they desire!

FREE PUBLIC BATHS.

Mayor Harper, of New York, has made a communication to the Common Council of that city, in which he recommends the establishment of Free Public Baths, on a large scale, on some site near the Park. The Republic well remarks in relation to such an enterprise: "Public convenience out of view, economy is alone ample consideration to induce the city government to adopt this measure on a scale corresponding with the population and wealth of our city. It would more than repay the outlay it required, by the promotion of cleanliness, and consequently of health, among the destitute, and thereby save to our dispensaries, hospitals, and other establishments of like character, more than would cover all the attendant expenses."

A CHURCH STRUCK.

In a severe thunder storm on Sunday week, during the afternoon service, the Presbyterian church, near the village of Liberty, in Sullivan county, N. Y., was struck by lightning, which knocked down some ten or twelve of the congregation. None were killed on the spot, but Mr. Henry Burr was so badly hurt that his life is despaired of, and a Mr. Young was so seriously burned that he is in great danger. Most of the others were also seriously burned and otherwise injured, but it is believed not fatally. The interior of the church was much shattered.

NEW YORK STATISTICS.

There is a great deal, as the old woman said, to be done with a dish-kettle. So there is a great deal to be done with a City Directory—and a great deal to be learned from it. We learn from the New York Directory, for instance, how changing is the population of that great city, and how often the people rambling need, take new residences. Last year's Directory would hardly serve as a guide through Gotham now, if we may judge from the number of changes thus stated:

Names expunged,	19,144
Names added,	20,305
Removals,	17,060
Total number of alterations,	56,489

Of course these fifty-six thousand, and odd changes refer to the heads of families, and when we recollect how many members and dependants follow the heads, the changes will seem greater still. The following statistics from the same authority, will be interesting:

The number of foreign consuls in the city is 47; Banks, 32, with a total capital of $27,480,600; Insurance Companies, 71, total capital, $20,597,034; of these, 18 are Marine Insurance Companies, total capital, $3,574,517—47 are Fire Insurance Companies, total capital, $9,022,517; and 6 are Life and Trust Companies, total capital, $8,000,000. The number of Churches is 193, which are classed as follows:—African, 8, Baptist, 22, Congregational, 5, Dutch Reformed, 19, Friends, 4, Jewish, 6, Lutheran, 3, Methodist Episcopal, 22, Associate Methodist Protestant, 1, Presbyterian, 27, Reformed Presbyterian, 3, Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 2, Associate Presbyterian, 2, Protestant Episcopal, 30, Roman Catholic, 15, Unitarian, 5, Universalists, 4, Welsh, 4, Miscellaneous, 16. Number of Ministers, 201; Schools connected with the churches, 10; Moral and Religious Societies, 39; Periodicals, 46; Newspapers 63; Lines of Packets, 98.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro give an account of a steamboat explosion, which compares, in terrible consequences, with some of the most frightful in our own country. The boat was just starting upon a pleasure excursion with a party of 300 ladies and gentlemen. Among them were several Americans, all of whom escaped without injury. The letter states that the boat had just pushed from her moorings, when the boiler burst with a most awful explosion. "The vessel was a complete wreck. The mutilated remains of the dead, and the bodies of the injured were gathered as soon as possible, and removed to a neighboring hospital; some with the loss of a limb, some dreadfully scalded, and upon numbering them, it was found there were eighty-six wounded in the house, besides those removed to private dwellings. There were fifty-two ascertained to have been killed, and several persons are missing yet. Seven or eight have died since, and I am informed there are as many as twenty who are pronounced incurable, and will probably linger in agony for several days. The number of wounded who are still living, as far as ascertained, is about sixty-five. This is the first accident of the kind which has ever occurred here, and has caused great excitement."

THE MEXICAN INDEMNITY.

The instalment of the indemnity due the United States from Mexico remains unpaid; and it is said in a letter from an officer on board the Potomac, now at Pensacola, that the money is withheld by Santa Ana, on account of the annexation treaty. It is said that in the event of an actual annexation—or, as some well informed people believe, during the pendency of efforts on the part of our Government to effect it, the Mexican President is determined to pay no more instalments of the indemnity. He is said to found his refusal on the plea, that as the occurrence of war between two nations abrogates all treaty stipulations that may have previously been binding on either; and, the Mexican Government having solemnly proclaimed to the world that she will consider the fact of annexation as a virtual declaration of war against her by the United [Go]vernment, by negotiation or otherwise, to bring about an annexation, as assuming a belligerent attitude towards her; she, therefore, deems herself fully justified in suspending the fulfilment of her treaty obligations to us, until we put an end to the "*quasi war*," which she alleges our Government is waging against her.

WESTERN CROPS.

The Vicksburg Constitutionalist speaks in the following terms of the disasters by the late floods at the West:

"In the interior the crops are generally good—*in all the valley regions* they are seriously injured, or totally destroyed, and there are but few plantations indeed entirely exempt from injury by the flood. Where the levees were unbroken, the back water has destroyed from one-fourth to three-fourths of the hopes and prospects. We have not heard of any plantation on the rivers or bayous for many miles above and below as wholly free from damage. Some estimates have been attempted of the destruction. None can be made with anything like certainty; but twenty millions of dollars would assuredly not cover the loss of property and crops, from the falls of the Missouri to the Gulf. Some well-informed persons, who have seen much of the ruins, do not hesitate to name a much larger sum, and the work of desolation is yet going on. The water here has fallen very little. The last reported rise above has not reached us."

The same editor says that he has seen several estimates of the destruction of the cotton crop in all the submerged country. The general belief is, that it will be 450,000 bales, or nearly one-fifth of the whole crop of the United States.

THE FIRST FIRE.

Capt. Hill, of the City Guards, gave on Thursday of last week, a statement relative to the riot in Southwark. His testimony corroborates, principally, the facts already disclosed by previous witnesses. From his evidence, it appears that he was knocked down by a brick, which struck him in the back of the head, and that while lying down he gave the order to fire, and upon recovering his feet almost immediately, he saw General Cadwalader, who, he thinks, gave the orders to fire at the same time—at the moment he was struck, a pistol or gun was discharged, the shot from which killed the young man, Dougherty, who was standing near the captain—no firing had taken place yet by any of the military to his knowledge. He states that neither officers nor men had any kind of liquor to drink on the occasion; that he did not strike any one with his sword, but only motioned it for the mob to disperse; two men attempted to wrest it from him or to break it, at which time two of his men charged bayonets upon them, and then gave way and some of the mob fell back.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A letter published in the Boston Mercantile Journal, written on board the U. S. ship Saratoga, relates the following terrible incident:

"I have now a very sad, a horrible thing to relate—an accident which happened about two hours ago. The captain's gig was just rounding to by our quarter, when the coxswain, by straining upon the tiller too hard, broke it, and he fell overboard. At the cry of 'man overboard,' I jumped up on deck, and saw him rise and swim towards the ship. In a few seconds more he suddenly disappeared under water—the fins and tail of a huge shark were then raised above, and splashing for a few moments only, left the surface again clear! I saw nothing but a crimson stain of blood, and a hat floating at a short distance. Not a cry was uttered, it was so sudden. Again the splashing of the shark occurred—another was seen to seize the hat—the boats reached the spot, but too late—scores of fish were leaping about for the torn pieces of the poor sailor. The captain and many others were spectators of the whole dreadful scene, and yet we could render no assistance."

SOUND DOCTRINE.

A boy aged fifteen was recently convicted and heavily punished for breaking a bough from a tree in a public garden in London. The sitting magistrates, in passing sentence on the offender, took occasion to use the following strong and sensible language: "That although the damage in this particular instance was small, yet the practice of breaking trees occasioned great damage, and the inhabitants of the different squares were put annually to great expense, in consequence of these depredations. Persons had no more right to take a branch from one of these trees, than they had to go into one of the houses and steal a piece of plate."

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

By a recent arrival we have an official letter, addressed by the Mexican Cabinet to the Foreign Ministers in that country, in relation to the annexation of Texas. The document takes warm ground against it, and repeats the declaration that the ratification of the Treaty would be regarded as a declaration of war by the United States.

Santa Ana, it is said, still intends to resume the war with Texas, and invade the country with a large force. Nothing had as yet been done by Congress in relation to the requisite supplies.

A desperate action had taken place near the Ponto Trace, between a party of Texans, fourteen in number, and from fifty to seventy-five Indians. Almost all the Texans were wounded slightly, but only one was killed and two were dangerously wounded. Twenty-three of the Indians were killed, and as many more wounded. The Indians were armed with spears and arrows—the Texans, so close was the fight used pistols. It was a most desperate border fight.

THE WESTERN BEATEN.

On Saturday the Great Western went to sea from New York. As the new iron steamer Legare, was all ready for sea, with her stores and coal on board, the occasion was taken to try her speed against the British steamer. At 3h. 38m. the Legare started from the Battery under bare poles; the Great Western being about three-quarters of a mile ahead, running before a fair wind, with five of her principal sails set. At forty minutes passed four, the Legare passed the Great Western, and at five minutes past five, one hour and twenty-seven minutes after leaving the Battery, was abreast of Sandy Hook Light House, leaving the Great Western half a mile astern, the Legare not carrying an inch of canvass during the whole run. This speed seems to promise well for the success of the propeller in sea-going steamers.

ST. DOMINGO.

Advices from the Spanish part of this Island have been received to the 11th of July. A Spaniard, a white man, had been elected President. That part of the Island was tranquil, though an attack was apprehended from the Haytiens, for which the Domicans were well prepared.

Latest advices from Hayti are via Jamaica. All was quiet at Port au Prince by the last accounts. There are in Kingston eleven hundred Haytien refugees, including Boyer and Gerarde, two ex-Presidents. Many more of the Haytien fugitives were in other parts of the Island, and it was presumed that a large number of them would not attempt to return to Hayti. Those with any money certainly would not; but the greater part of them were in distress for the means of subsistence.

POLICE.

The Charleston Mercury in a single sentence well describes what a proper police should be. It says:—"The true government for a city, is an active and efficient police; a sentinel whose eyes never close, whose arms are everywhere, who takes roguery in the inception and riot in the bud." This is the true doctrine. To reach its performance it is necessary that the laws should be strictly enforced, and that the agents for their execution should be so protected and defended that their official character shall be *respected*. When the contest becomes one of mere physical strength between an officer and the party arrested, order is at an end; and if there is any crime against the peace which should be rigorously visited, it is resistance of an officer.

A BUSY JUDGE.

It is stated that since the induction into office of Recorder Baldwin, of the Second municipality, New Orleans, he has had before him, and adjudicated the cases of twenty-five thousand, eight hundred and eighty-seven persons. He has been in office eight years, and this is two hundred and thirty-six per year, or sixty-two per week. Giving the judge six working days to each week, his average daily job has been to pass upon about a dozen cases. The number of cases has greatly fallen off since 1837, in which and the two following years the number of cases were most numerous. This is a pretty good argument in favor of the improvement of the character of New Orleans.

THE JERSEY ENCAMPMENT.

Some of our military spectacle loving readers will thank us for remembering them of the grand military encampment at Princeton, N. J. which commences on the 30th inst., to be held four days. The military companies in all parts of New Jersey, and many in Pennsylvania and New York, are preparing to be there. The great parade and review will come off on the 1st of August, under the command of General Godwin, in presence of the Governor of New Jersey, General Scott, U. S. Army; Mayors of New York, Newark, Princeton and Philadelphia; Generals from New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other places. It will be one of the most splendid military parades ever held in New Jersey.

MARSHALL COLLEGE.

We are happy to learn that the prospects of Marshall College promise well for the future. It is situated in Mercersburg, Franklin county Pa.—a most delightful and romantic country, and with its other advantages unites most salubrious air and scenery. On the 28th of August the foundation of a new Ionic Structure, 55 feet by 40 will be laid. The building is to be erected for the use of the Goethean Literary Society of the college, and the day selected is the anniversary of the distinguished German, from which the society takes its name. David Paul Browne Esq., of this city will deliver the address. A trip to Mercersburg—a delightful jaunt at any time, will be doubly so on this occasion.

A GOOD POSITIOI.

The Montreal Times states, as a fact, the following illustration of Yankee ingenuity. At several points along the boundary which divides a portion of the States of New York and Vermont, from Lower Canada, Yankees have opened or established stores, which, as we should say, of neither side politics, are right on the fence—or, in other words, they are built one half on the American side and the other half on the Canadian. In the Canadian half they keep and sell such articles as are subject to an American tariff, and vice versa. In the American side they store all the goods upon which the Canadians impose a ta[x].

SHARP WORK.

It is a pity that a little custom house expedition cannot be infused into the post office. The New York Sun reports that on the arrival of the steamship Caledonia at Boston, on the first of June last, the whole of her cargo was landed, and her manifest signed, and returned to Liverpool by the steamship Britannia, which left at twelve o'clock on the same morning. All the goods which passed through Adams & Co's Boston Package Express Office, were forwarded by them to all parts of the South and West, at four P. M. same day. They entered, passed the customs, and delivered goods in Liverpool, in New York, in thirteen days.

A MOTHER'S FEARS.

A young man belonging to Detroit, was killed on board a canal boat near Rochester, recently, by the accidental discharge of his own rifle. In stooping to pass a bridge, it is supposed that the lock caught in some part of his clothes, and when he rose up the piece went off, sending the ball directly through his head, entering just above the eye and scattering portions of the brain in various directions. Notwithstanding the severity of the wound, the unfortunate man lived three hours. In his pocket was a letter from his mother, with this caution: "*Silas, be very careful of your gun.*"

NEW BUILDINGS.

Permits have already been issued by the Philadelphia city authorities, for the erection of 337 new buildings this season. This is 105 more than last season to this date—and fifty more than were issued for the whole season. It is to be remembered also, that this statement refers to the city alone, and does not include the adjoining districts, where similar activity is shown.

A GREAT BIRD.

The North American states that a gentleman of this city, recently returned from Europe, has brought with him a canary bird, the gift of a friend, which distinctly sings two airs—the Hunters' Chorus in Der Freischutz and a Waltz of Beethoven's. This wonderful little cantatrice was instructed by a blind flute player, and one of its other accomplishments is said to be beating time with its foot while singing. It is a pity the bird cannot sing Old Dan Tucker, Dandy Jim, Lucy Neal, or "It wouldn't do to give it up so, Mr. Brown." All music except that, and such as that, is now at a discount.

A HARD CASE.

Mr. Thomas N. Benton, of Boone county, Missouri, has been confined for about a year in the jail at Louisville, Kentucky, charged with the murder of Peter Peterson. His trial commenced on the 5th inst., and he was acquitted. The proof of his innocence was overwhelming, whilst the ground on which he was arrested was of the most flimsy character. Now who is to make this man reparation for a year of false imprisonment? The commonwealth of Missouri is justly responsible for the delay in the administration of justice which has done so great a wrong to a citizen.

WOOL AT THE WEST.

The St. Louis Gazette makes a prophecy that wool will, in a few years, be a great staple at the West. Farmers are busily attending to the subject. Messrs. Eno & Bowers, of Island Grove, Sangamon county, Illinois, have just returned from Pennsylvania, where they have purchased a flock of 3,000 sheep, in addition to the number they already have on their farms, and that it is their intention to engage very extensively in raising wool for exportation to the East. There is no reason in nature why the New World should not be entirely independent of the Old.

A CURIOUS THEFT.

The New York papers are laughing over a truly curious theft. The new Collector of that District had directed applicants for office to send him notes instead of personally boring him. These notes had accumulated in an incredibly short space of time to a bushel, more or less, and were left, as yet unaudited, in the private office of the Collector. Thence, some thief has abstracted them—a funny theft enough. What can the man do with them? Probably the Collector will not offer more than a thousand dollars reward for their recovery.

A BATTLE AT LAST.

The ship Delaware, Guthrie, at New York, from Rio Grande, reports that news had reached Rio of an engagement having taken place at Buenos Ayres on the 1st June. The Montevideans attacked the Buenos Ayreans out of the city; but the result of the contest had not reached Rio previous to the sailing of the Delaware. A year or two ago there was some talk on the part of the French of compelling these two republics to desist from a wasting war. What has become of this interposition?

LOUISIANA ELECTION.

The members of Congress elect from Louisiana, are: John Slidell, Dem.; B. G. Thidebaux, Whig; and John B. Dawson, and Isaac E. Morse, both Democrats. The Whigs have a small majority in the House, the Democrats a majority of one in the Senate. Mr. Morse, Dem., elected to Congress, is now a State Senator. Should he accept and go to Congress, it is stated that his place will probably be supplied by a Whig, giving that party a majority in both branches.

THE LOST SHIP.

Another vessel load of human beings has gone—to be seen no more, until the sea gives up its dead. All hopes appear to be lost for the safety of the Bremen ship Johannes bound for Baltimore. She left Bremen on the 22nd of March, under the command of Capt. Dierkes, a crew of fourteen, and has never since been heard from. She is no doubt, lost with all on board. The crew belonged to Bremen and its vicinity.

A DECISION.

The city of Bridgeport, Conn., issued bonds to aid in the construction of the Housatonic Railroad. Payment of these bonds being delayed, the holders levied on the private property of citizens. A case, to test the validity of the seizure, has been carried up to the Supreme Court of the State, and the decision is in favor of the claimants—thus affirming the principle that private property of citizens is liable for municipal debts.

MURDER TALE SPOILED.

Some of the New York Penny-a-liners have last week doled forth the horrible murder of a Mrs. Donaldson, at Hoboken, with extraordinary circumstances of cruelty and brutality. When others of the "press gang" went over from the city for "further particulars," they found the woman industriously occupied at her wash tub. Of course she would not own that she was dead, even to save the credit of the newspapers.

CURIOUS FACT.

In a City Directory published by Mr. Doggett, in New York, a curious table is given. It contains a long list of surnames which have the same or very similar pronunciation, but different orthography, illustrating the fact, that *twelve hundred and fifty-nine surnames are generally pronounced in only five hundred and twenty-two different ways.*

COM. DALLAS.

Indirect advices from Panama, to the 8th, received via Jamaica, represent that Com. Dallas was lying very ill at Callao and was not expected to recover. This is painful intelligence, but the recent news from the Pacific Squadron direct, in which no mention is made of any illness, leads us to doubt the rumor.

YALE COLLEGE.

The annual commencement of this institution takes place on the 13th of August. The Hon. Willis Hall, of Albany, N. Y., is to be the orator, and George H. Colton, Esq., of New Haven, the poet of the occasion. Candidates for admission to College can be examined on Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

U. S. STOCK.

The holders of U. S. Stock of 1841, are advised by the Secretary of the Treasury, that this stock, which falls due on the 31st of December, will be redeemed at any time previous, with interest, from July 1st, on presentation at the Bank of America, the Bank of Commerce, or the Merchants' Bank, New York.

WILLIAM PENN.

We hear it spoken of in several quarters, as expedient to celebrate the 14th of October next, the birth day of Wm. Penn, in this city. The plan strikes us as a good one. Who knows that the celebration of that day may not pour oil on the bickerings now—or rather late—so troublesome?

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Mons. I. J. Hellert, a French engineer, passed through Jamaica recently on his way to superintend the canal that is in contemplation to be cut through the Isthmus of Panama. We hope this canal, *when completed*, will not play Mississippi with Central America.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

The Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal will be offered for sale, at the Exchange, in this city, on the fifth day of August next—according to the terms of the act of the last session.

Army & Navy.

☞ The iron steamboat Hunter, now in course of construction at Pittsburg, for Lieut. McLaughlin, of the U. S. Navy, is nearly ready for launching. The Pittsburg American pronounces her a beautiful model, and says that the workmanship on her will challenge comparison with any vessel of the kind yet built in Europe or America.

☞ An iron revenue cutter to be called the Spencer, is building at West Point, N. Y. She is to be propelled on the plan of Lieut. Hunter.

☞ The following vessels of war, composing the Home Squadron, are now lying at Pensacola: The frigate Potomac, Capt. Newell, flag ship; the ship Vincennes, Captain Buchanan; the brig Somers, Commander Gerry; the steamer Union, Lieut. Commandant H. H. Bell. The whole squadron, the Pensacola Gazette says, are ready for sea, and will sail in a few days for the north, to spend the summer. The steamer Poinsett went to sea on the 18th from Pensacola.

☞ Captains Bell and May, of the United States Army, arrived at Washington, (Texas) on the 26th ult. from Fort Jessup. The Vindicator says: "It is understood that they have communications from Gen. Taylor, now in command of the southwestern Division of the United States forces, touching the instruction lately published from the War Department of the United States."

☞ The Pensacola Gazette of the 13th inst. says Capt. J. G. Williams, of the U. S. Marine Corps, who was lately tried at the Navy Yard by a Marine Court Martial, was acquitted of all the charges and specifications, and an order has been received restoring him to duty at the yard.

☞ U. States ship Saratoga sailed from St. Thomas, Africa, for Gaboon, and thence to Cape de Verde Islands, May 25th, officers and crew all well—had had most of the ship's company down with the fever, but had all recovered. The commodore had gone to Madeira.

☞ The U. S. ship Falmouth, Commander Sands, sailed from Norfolk on Friday week for Vera Cruz, with the Hon. Wilson R. Shannon, our Minister to Mexico.

☞ The United States frigate Constitution was at Fayal on the 20th of June, eighteen days from New York, with the Hon. Henry A. Wise and family.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, July 2nd, 1844.

Since the Emperor of Russia sailed from these Island shores, very few events of moment have transpired in high life. It must not be forgotten that the ladies of the English Court are somewhat jealous of the Honorable Miss Barrington, who was seen by the Emperor at the Duke of Devonshire's grand *fete* at Chiswick, and pronounced by his Imperial Majesty to be one of the most lovely women he had ever seen. Of course all the other Court beauties are in a fever. *On-dit* that the *Count de Trepani* is to marry the Queen of Spain. The Count is brother to the King of Naples—but I think the rumor of his marriage with the Peninsular Queen, is a very doubtful matter. The King of Hanover was 74 years old on the 5th ult; and he has created a new order, the "Ernest Augustus Cross"—for the officers of his army. A very grand Fancy Ball is on the *tapis* in London, to be called the Waverly Ball—at which all the costumes are to be in illustration of the characters and writings of Sir Walter Scott. It will be patronized by the elite of the land, and it is hoped that enough money will be received to complete the superb Scott monument. Lady Emily Hardinge, and indeed, all the family of the new Governor General of India, intend leaving for our Asiatic dominions in a few days. Lord Francis Egerton is about to be created Duke of Bridgewater; and Dowager Lady Glenlyon, sister to the Duke of Northumberland, and well known in the fashionable world, died a few days since.

Neither is there any thing new in fashions; but a Paris letter says, in describing morning dress—"Redingote Amazon, with sleeves *a la religieuse*, or tight, and very long, with a manchette visible underneath." In evening dress [...] ling plumes, or a bouquet of moss roses."

Mr. Laing has recently published some very valuable statistics, in which he states that the annual income of the English people is £310,000,000; and that the exports (declared value) of English manufactures, have increased within the last fifteen years, from £35,000,000 to £50,000,000. The United Kingdom owns 21,983 ships, with a tonnage of 2,724,104. Since 1820, upwards of £60,000,000 of British capital invested in foreign loans, &c. As you are well aware, on your side of the Atlantic—much, very much of this sum never was repaid, and I fear never will be. I must clear my note book of the fry of small things. The official returns of the minerals of Cornwall, for last year, show that the copper raised was worth £897,558—tin and lead £501,709—arsenic 800 tons. American oysters are regularly imported into Liverpool and London. They are quite the rage. One Manuel Collar, is now living at Madrid, aged 136 years! Mr. M. Mason is about to construct an aerial machine, to steer in any direction, at a cost of £3,000. Balfe, the composer, is about to produce a new opera at Drury Lane. The census of Bavaria, shows a population in that kingdom, of 4,440,329. At Yeovil, a few days since, Mr. William Lymes, who had prophesied for twenty years, the day of his death, died at the very period marked by the prediction! Three youths, charged at Northwich, with felony, ascribed the commission of their crimes to having read Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," &c. Gretna Green averages nearly 500 runaway marriages per annum. Crockford, the gambler, died, worth £350,000, *at least*. It is all left to his wife. There's a matrimonial prize, for you! In Germany, they are using grape seeds for coffee. H. B. M. sloop "Wanderer," has just arrived at Portsmouth, with one million more of the Chinese subsidy. The City of London Conservative Association dined 1,040 guests in Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday. In the will of the late Marquis of Hastings, the following passage occurs:—"If it should please Almighty God to take the whole of my children to himself, I trust my sovereign will confer the title on my eldest sister, to perpetuate my long line of ancestors." The "Antigone" of Sophocles, has been produced at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, with great success. Mrs. Gore's prize comedy of "Quid pro Quo," is only tolerably successful. This is a pity—her novels are among the best of the day. There has been a horrible murder at Gort, Ireland, one Peter Larkin having butchered his two sons and a daughter—besides attempting the murder of his wife. He was a pensioner, and described as a man noted for a ferocious disposition. At Newtown, Roscommon, Patrick Hughes, a pensioner, was basely murdered in his own house, by an armed party of ruffians, whose motive for the sanguinary deed is not known. The Carlist Chief, El Groc, has been taken and shot, at Maestrazo, Spain. Lord Heytesbury is to succeed Earl de Grey, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The cotton manufacturers are rioting in Silesia and Bohemia. The Galtees Mountains, in Ireland, have been on fire for several days, presenting a grand appearance. Several moors and mosses are on fire, in England and Scotland, owing to the long continuance of dry weather. The drama, in England, is at the lowest possible ebb. Parliament will finish its session during the present month. There are 8,348 cab and omnibus drivers in London. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree) have retired for the summer, to Kean's estate, in Hants. Lloyd's returns show an annual loss by wreck, to England, of 610 ships, £2,000,000 worth of property, and 1,500 lives. The coal fields of England cover 4,900,000 acres—those of France 692,000. There have been seven ministries of Spain within a year! Dickens ("Boz,") is in Italy. Louis Philippe paid the recent exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Paris, as many as six royal visits! The Scottish Free Church refuses contributions from your Southern States. The King of Saxony pays regular visits to Billingsgate and Covent Garden Markets. Corporal punishment is to be re-introduced into the Anglo-Indian army. Taglioni is about to retire from the stage to a villa on the Lago di Como. Dr. McNeill, an eminent railway engineer, has been knighted by the Queen. A very proper award of honor. The survivor in a recent fatal duel in Belgium, has been sentenced to five years imprisonment, and the two seconds to three years each. Vienna has a population of 375,834.

The handsomest Jewish Synagogue in the world, is about to be erected in London—Sir Moses Montefiore contributes £5,000. The great Polish Ball, in London, on Monday week, was attended by 1,100 persons—profits £700. The Crown Prince of Denmark has been rambling through the Scottish Highlands, with which he seems delighted. The funeral of M. Lafitte, in Paris, was followed by a procession extending nearly three miles. A tailor of Paris threw himself from one of the towers of Notre Dame, on Monday last, and was killed. At Brest, on the 18th ult., a Protestant clergyman stepped between two duellists at the moment they were about to fire, prevented their crime, and reconciled the cause of quarrel. Baron Rothschild has withdrawn his donations of one hundred thousand florins to aid in building of a new Synagogue at Frankfort, because the Consistory of Frankfort wished to introduce certain forms which the Baron could not agree to—but, at the same time, he invested two hundred thousand florins in the public funds, the interest to go to the poor of Frankfort for ever.

At Liverpool, last week, 250 sail of vessels arrived in three days! Louis Philippe has given a grand royal *fete* at Versailles, to the manufacturers who exposed goods at the National Exhibition of Arts. Thirty-six thousand persons die annually in England and Wales of consumption. At Pontalier, France, in 1813, a wealthy young man married a poor girl in a hurry, to escape the conscription. He never saw her before or after this hasty marriage. But now being old and poor, she sued him about a month ago for a maintanence, and the Court compelled this singular husband to allow her a handsome income. The Duke of Rutland has made 1,000 cottage garden allotments for the poor, which are let at a very low rent. On the 20th ult., Grace Devitt died at Erris, aged 122 years! Her youngest child is 80 years old! A cast iron light-house is in progress by Cottam & Hallen, iron founders, London. It is one hundred and thirty-seven feet high, and is to be sent out to the Bermuda Islands. Iron houses and streets are being constantly sent to the colonies. A superb statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, meant for Westminster Abbey several years ago, but refused by the Deans of the Chapter—has been stolen from the London Custom House cellars! The executors of the sculptor have brought an action for £30,000 against the London Customs—that sum being the alleged value of this great work of art. The late Madame Lenormand, the renowned prophetess of Paris, commenced her career of imposture in 1793, in company with Madame Gilbert and M. Flammermont. She followed her deceitful profession for 41 years, down to her death—even then leaving many foolish predictions behind her—having felt, as it were, the ruling passion strong in death. At Netherton, last week, there was a procession of 112 old men, each above 70 years of age. They then sat down to a village feast, the oldest man, aged 98, presiding, being led to the chair by two young men bearing flags, with this inscription:—"Young men—honor old age!"

Local Intelligence.

RELIEF FUND.

The amount received for the soldiers injured in the Southwark Riot, and for the families of those who were killed, amounts now to about ten thousand dollars. It is earnestly desired that it may much exceed that sum; not merely as an act of justice to the sufferers, though that were reason enough,—but also as an expression of public sentiment. Men who peril their lives in support of the laws *must* be dealt justly by, if we would have the laws defended.

Among other contributions ten dollars have been received from New York, and fifty from Boston. The latter came in a letter to Gen. Cadwalader—from whom cannot be told, as it is simply subscribed, "Law and Order." The letter contained praise, not less strong than deserved, of the volunteer corps, not only as the defenders of Law and Order in Philadelphia, but its champions for every city and State, which is a broad and just view of the case. Every patriot has an interest in the suppression of the mob spirit, no matter in what part of the country it breaks out; for every patriot desires that the efficiency of a republican government should be vindicated and proved.

THE BOSTON GRAYS.

This company, after partaking of the most liberal and gentlemanly hospitality of their Baltimore friends, returned to this city on Tuesday, on their way home. No military company has ever visited the city which has elicited more praise than this fine corps. The music they brought with them, the Boston Brass Band, has come in for its share of praise. It is one of the best bands of music in the world.

☞ The following arrests were made on Thursday week: Hodson Greenleaf, charged with being engaged in the late riots in Southwark. He was required to find $4,000 bail. William House was also arrested and held in $1,000 to answer a similar charge.

James Sweeny, charged with being in the Southwark riot on Sunday, throwing stones, &c. Committed.

Daniel Kane, same charge, was also committed.

James Coffee, on similar charge, was held to bail in the sum of $1,000.

W. A. Morrel, for being in the crowd and using improper language, was held in $500 to keep the peace.

S. W. McKinley was held to bail to keep the peace in the sum of $1,500. He was present at the firing of the cannon, and expressed his gratification at the fatal results of its discharge.

THE PERMANENT BRIDGE over the Schuylkill is well travelled. The following is an authentic account of the amount of travelling over the Permanent Bridge in the space of twenty-four hours—from Friday 3 o'clock P. M. to the same hour on Saturday, to wit:—Foot passengers, 2,967; persons in vehicles, 3,046; market waggons, 1,020; milk waggons, 450, pleasure carriages, 267; omnibusses, 19; cabs, 13, carts, 166, horsemen, 126; horned cattle, 75; sheep, 23; horses in harness, 3,992; horses in droves, 30; furniture cars, 57; heavy teams, 53; vehicles not particularized, 196,—Total 12,502. Allowing three cents for each, which would be a pretty fair average, it would amount to $375 09.

☞ Mr. Wm. McGarvey, a grocer of Southwark, one of the persons found in the church of St. Philip de Neri, when the Sheriff entered, has been held to bail in $500 by Judge Jones to answer the charge of participating in an unlawful assemblage. The Judge remarked that he would bind over for this offence, and leave it to the defendant to show the authority on which he was in the church, and by what legal permission the arms were also there deposited. He also held the defendant in the same to keep the peace.

☞ On Saturday, a man, named Charles Burgis, was brought before Mayor Scott, and committed in default of $5,000 bail, charged with being one of the gang who rescued Dick Manly from the grasp of the police, at the time officer Beck received his death wound. He is said to be the person who gave notice to Dick's companions at the den where the officers first seized him. He has been roaming about, eluding the vigilance of justice for some time.

SEA LINE TO NEW YORK.—The steam schooner "Ashland," Capt. Mason, constructed with Ericcson propellers, on Loper's improvement, and designed to ply between this city and New York by sea, as a passenger and freight boat, was tried on Monday in the Delaware, passing up and down in front of our city. She appeared to work well, and to be admirably adapted to the trade for which she is designed.

☞ A man named Edward Virtue, was fully committed for trial in default of $2,000 bail by Alderman McKinley on Friday evening, on a charge of perjury, in swearing falsely against an individual as being concerned in the late riots.

CAPT. SCOTT.—We are pleased to say that Capt. R. K. Scott, wounded by a musket ball on the night of the 7th, in Southwark, is so far recovered as to be able to walk about his room. The swelling having gone down, the location of the ball has been ascertained to be in the fleshy part of the back, near the shoulder—a position more favorable than was expected.

NEW ARTILLERY CORPS.—The Enquirer states that the Dock Ward "Citizen Guard," is now organizing as an Artillery Corps, under the name of "City Artillery." The officers are—Kenderton Smith, Captain; H. Binney, jr. First Lieutenant; Edward Armstrong, Second do; John Barncastle, 2nd Second do; James Logan Third do.

OPPOSITION.—The steamboat Hudson, Capt. Devoe, left the city on Monday with a full load of passengers, for Baltimore, via the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. This is in pursuance of an arrangement made with the line formed recently in opposition to the regular line to Baltimore.

FIRE.—On Monday morning, about 12 o'clock, a stable and sheds, with three horses and two carriages, belonging to Charles Hassay, color manufacturer, situate near the junction of Germantown Road and Fourth street, were destroyed by fire. The work of an incendiary.

☞ Franklin Peale, Chief Coiner of the Mint of the United States, has presented to the National Institute a complete series of the National medals of the United States struck in bronze from the dies preserved in the Mint.

☞ Between three and four hundred emigrants have arrived at this port this week, in the ships Champlain and Monongahela, from Liverpool. The bulk of the passengers in the latter vessel were English.

MAD DOG.—On Sunday morning a black setter dog, supposed to be mad, was shot on the Roxborough Turnpike, about ten miles above the city, by a Mr. Rex. The dog is supposed to have run from the city.

☞ Mr. Malory of the brig Rebecca, just arrived from the Mediterranean, has made the Messrs. McMakin, South Warves, a present of a living Chameleon, believed to be the only one in the country.

☞ THE BOARD OF BROKERS OF THIS CITY have contributed $100 towards the relief of the families of the killed and wounded volunteers. Each member, besides, contributed to the fund.

☞ The Hope Hose of this city, on a visit to New York, were received on landing, and escorted by some dozen of the New York companies, and most hospitably entertained.

☞ Thomas Kelly was held to bail to keep the peace, by the Mayor, on Saturday, on the charge of using threatening language, immediately after the Kensington riots.

KENSINGTON RIOTERS.—On account of the difficulty in procuring the attendance of witnesses, the Kensington riot cases have been continued to the next term.

TROOPS.—All the country troops have left the city. The Wayne Artillery still remain quartered at Moyamensing prison.

☞ Counterfeit ten dollar notes of the Western Bank of this city, admirably executed, are in circulation.

Notices of the Dead.

DR. GRANT.—A rumor of the death of Dr. Grant, the Missionary to the Nestorians, which we had hoped untrue, is confirmed in the New York Commercial Advertiser. That paper says: "We regret to say, that from information communicated to us, there is little room to doubt the death of Dr. Grant, at Mosul, early in June. We have conversed with a gentleman who read a letter, brought by the last steamer, written by the medical attendant of Dr. Grant, and addressed to a friend of the Doctor's, then in London. It announced that Dr. Grant was severely ill for about two weeks, and that during most of the time he was not sensible of what was passing around him. Through the greater part of his illness he appeared to imagine himself engaged in preaching to the Nestorians.

DR. OLMSTEAD.—The New Haven Herald announces the death of Francis Allyn Olmstead, eldest son of Prof. Olmstead. He graduated at Yale College in the class of 1839, and in the recent Medical Class of 1844. Soon after completing his academic education, with the hope of gaining a firmer state of health, he took a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, as a passenger in a whaling ship, the adventures of which he published on his return, in a volume, entitled "Incidents of a Whaling Voyage." He since passed the greater part of a year at the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane, in the capacity of Assistant Physician.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.—The Cincinnati Gazette says: "The early settlers are fast passing away. Joseph Williams, late Ellmore Williams, died on his farm, aged 84, on the 13th inst. He laid the first brick in Cincinnati. For the last thirty-six years he has resided on his farm, in Mill Creek, where he died as he had lived, at peace with man and God."

☞ Tully R. Wise, Esq., First Auditor of the Treasury, died in Washington City, on the 22d instant.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The American Home Missionary Society employs 907 home missionaries, which are scattered all over the United States. The following statistics from the report before us may be interesting to our readers. Of the 907 ministers in service, 670 were in commission at the date of the last report, and 237 have been since appointed. The fields of their labor are in twenty-six different States and territories of the Union, in Canada and in Texas, distributed as follows, viz:—In Maine, 75, New Hampshire 42, Vermont 30, Massachusetts 64, Rhode Island, 5, Connecticut, 42, New York 201, New Jersey 10, Pennsylvania 44, Delaware 2, Maryland, 2, Virginia 2, Georgia 1, Alabama 1, Kentucky 3, Tennessee 4, Ohio 91, Indiana 36, Illinois 87, Missouri 21, Arkansas 1, Michigan 63, Wisconsin 30, Iowa, 29, District of Columbia 1, Canada 7, and Texas 1. The balance in the Treasury, April 15, 1843, was $2,859 02; the receipts of the succeeding twelve months have been $101,904 99—making the resources of the year $103,494 01.

WALL STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK.—The workmen are making great progress in taking down this church. The interior, pews and windows have already disappeared, and a beginning made upon the stone work. The church, we understand, has been sold to go to New Jersey, where it is again to be put up. This church has been rebuilt since the great fire, and the congregation are now erecting another in the upper part of the city.

☞ The corner stone of the West Kensington Baptist Church was laid on Monday afternoon in the memorable Third Ward, near the corner of Second and Franklin streets. Several eloquent addresses were delivered, which were listened to with much attention by a large and highly respectable concourse of persons.

☞ Doctor Cobbs has resigned the pastoral charge of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, preparatory to his removal to Alabama, of which diocese he has been elected P. E. Bishop. The Vestry unanimously invited Mr. Richard Wilmer, of Virginia, to be his successor.

☞ At a late commencement of the Western University of Pennsylvania, the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Clarke Huston, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Collybackey, county Antrim, Ireland.

☞ The children of the Brooklyn Common Schools, numbering over 2,000, had a celebration and procession on Friday of last week. The sight was a most imposing one, and the ceremonies of the most interesting description.

☞ Bowdoin Street Church, Boston, have voted to invite Rev. James W. Alexander, D. D., Professor in Princeton College, New Jersey, to become their pastor.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*frank*" or *franked* is not a frank. Postmasters will please endorse their letters with their names in full.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only on the express order of the subscriber if arrearages due.

Small Bank Notes of current Banks received in payment for our bills.

Our papers are strictly restricted to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and P. O. address plain.

Remember most writers write on both sides of the paper, so we add to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the terms published heretofore.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcox.

Mr. C. W. JANES, of Harrison county, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky, for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, *ground for Louisville, Ky. Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D. D. Jesse and R. T. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JANES is for us in the South and South-West States and Florida. *Wm. Cullen Bryant, Wm. Whipple, William B. Wald, G. H. P. Town, and Henry Thomas.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Traveling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our Traveling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for August*, is richly embellished. "The Spring of the Valley," is a sweet picture, admirably engraved; and intended to illustrate a story of Mrs. Dinsley, which we shall publish in our columns this week. The other embellishments are a fashion plate, and the new Hungarian dance, "Lalitha." This is a capital picture. It represents a light and lasting, graceful dance, which will be liked by all but he who is puffing and staring most amusingly. We will be surprised if this is not the most popular picture of any on the Magazines for the year. The literary contents of this number are from such writers as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Hale, Morris, Hoffland, &c. to number, what promises to be a splendid letter-list! reasons about twice the value of the money. One of the prominent characters are the widow of Edward the First, by daughter the Lady Elizabeth, and King Richard the Lord. Mr. Peterson publishes this Magazine for the *fellows*, and it is quite up to the three dollar books and we more designed to the rest. The price is $3 per annum. N.Y. Tribune speak of it as follows:

If any of our readers are desirous to take a paper into the country, we advise, as a pleasant light literature magazine, the number for August of "THE LADIES' NATIONAL Magazine." Mr. Peterson has bestowed his best attention upon it, and we are sure that after the first number, a copy of the pleasure will be sought in succeeding numbers. The list of our female writers has been long and familiar to all to its interest, and the art of the graver has spread handsomely upon its pages. The fashion plate is very pretty. Especially is subscribe—a fine young girl in a flowing white dress, with a rose in her hair, and a guitar slung gracefully to Jack Falstaff's—and the whole company thus engraved in all the elegance supposed to be possessed of by an originality, and by more than one writer, and the eye has pleased."—*C. S. Gazette.*

"The Ladies' National Magazine, for August, is before us—one of the best numbers of the work we have seen. It is truly a ladies' Magazine. The fashion plate for August is from the pencil of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, while Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. H. C. Osgood, Mrs. L. J. Peterson, and other popular female writers are regular contributors. The present number has an interesting story by Mrs. Ellet, Fairest's Life and Poems, which we shall copy."—*New-York Evening Tribune.*

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT is finished. The concluding parts of Harper's, Lea & Blanchard's, and the Illustrated World editions, are to be had at *Zieber's*, and at *Stokes & Brother's*. Parts of the work are published in pamphlet—unrevised in parlor, rich in humor, keen in delineation of character, humor in sarcasm, or terrible in description of crime and remorse. But as a whole it does not have much most considerable sleepiness and weak writing in places, and some of the most disgusting caricatures of the rules of English Grammar that either ever written. In this particular, the few last portions of the work contain sincerity and egregious offences for which a whole-boy would be summarily thrashed. The Art was made unhealthy not seen by the author of Boz's commencement, for the several characters are huddled into the closing pages, intriguing to the last degree of mystery and all reasonable expectation, like the scenes of a dramatic piece in the last scene of a crowded stage, or at the last tableau of a Christmas pantomime. The plot is most finely threaded and puzzle—the episode of a visit to the country is as unobtrusive as it is natural, and is not the same—a want which, however, is lost sight of in the world's disgusting epilogue, by which we mean Mrs. Sarey Gamp, and her associates and adjuncts. Also—we are sorry to say it—the Martin Chuzzlewit of the close seems enough of his graphic power in certain passages of this book, to make his friends heartily ashamed of the work and of the author of Martin Chuzzlewit, his name. The "Christmas Carol," beside "Martin Chuzzlewit," is as a gem to a diamond.

Complete editions of this work have been published by Lea & Blanchard, with illustrations, as noted paper, by Harper & Brothers, with illustrations, and by Stokes, in the New World press. The next work of Mr. D. will probably have a considerable of subject, as he is now on a jaunt to the continent.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of HEINRICH STILLING. *Translated from the German, by D. A. Harris, M. D. Philadelphia: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.*—John Henry Jung, afterward called Stilling, died in 1817, at Carlsruhe, at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years. This work was published in the author in 1777; under the title of Heinrich Stilling's *Jugend, Jungling-jaehre und Wanderschaft, Child-hood, Youthful Years, and Wanderings.* A few days before his death, Heinrich Stilling, when the author became known, on the piece, prepared by the author himself, for his own, and as the author had too much simplicity of character and unassuming honesty and modesty to suspect that it should ever be a personal object of interest, and so he as to delude enemies, at first, of making the book public, the self portrait is drawn with a free hand, and is a autobiography. The work has been a great many years established in Germany, and is still read with the one delightful and excellent among the German classics. It was translated, made in 1826, at one of the best romances from the German ones ever made. Its unfinished simplicity reminds the reader of Rousseau's Confessions, or has been remarked, but with this work there is a fiction all the life and have of fact. Stilling gives to act all the interest of fiction. It is a remarkable, but most interesting work, and we rejoice to see it put in a size which readers feel to give it a wide circulation.

THE MORAL LIBRARY. *New York: Morris & Willis. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* No. twenty-seven contains Mr. Melodeon at Home, by the late Rev. Samuel Perons of Mrs. Hemans. No twenty-eight is the facts and delightful book—a complete edition of Mr. Wirt's Travels, by the Author's own hand, with numerous of travel and observation which has been written during his country. Both the work and the author are well known, and is the first complete edition. Collections of these letters have been published in England, containing but a few scenes only, which the publishers could readily get at. Here is the complete series, got out under the author's own hand, and introduced by a portrait. Both are worth a dollar value to the world. The eighteen originally made by the author and hypercritic, a portrait. The engravings of some of the latter are most ingeniously and well executed and returned to the author.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK. *August 1844.*—The embellishments of this number are three—one a sweet picture by Chapman, engraved by Dick; and one by The Farmer's Boy, returning from the Mill." The next is The Light Guard, engraved by Dick; and the third, Washington Crossing the Delaware, engraved by Lewis. The Cosmo Table, No. XI. by Miss Leslie, is a capital story and cheap picture. The fashions for May Year is a pleasant story. Mr. Arthur has a good domestic tale, and indeed all the contributors are well and favorably. We have verse from Miss Gould and Mrs. Hale, The Dear Scholar, and others of careful mind, and a goodly store of tales and sketches, pictures and embellishments. Terms pass. One of the stories of the number, Mrs. Annan's, will be found upon our columns.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS ON CHRISTIAN MORALS. *By John Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—The name of this great essayist is well known in this country by the essays on "Decision of Character," and on "Popular Declamation," both of which have been widely read, and we believe, have been extremely useful. The essays in the present volume were originally delivered as lectures in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, England, in 1829-30. They embrace a great variety of subjects, suggested, and treated in the style of the most pregnant sentences from Scripture as their nucleus, they inform the reader deliberate themselves in a concise and natural style.

CHAMBERS'S LIGHT AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—The August number of this work is distinguished for a tale written by Dancy, "Charlemagne and Hildegarde," and a picture by H. Inman, from one of Moore's melodies, "Lalla Rookh, Pompeii, and Miranda," engraved by Sharp. The capitalists for contrast in the three figures are well executed, the detailed finished, and the whole is a fine picture. The reading matter presents a variety of interesting papers from a great number of pens, and on subjects as varied as the contents of the first editorial number. Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.

FLORIDA MAN OR ANCIENT TIMES. *By the Author of Peter Parley's Tales. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—The work forms volume second of Peter Parley's Cabinet Library. The whole series is beautifully printed, and liberally illustrated, and its plan is so comprehensive that the twenty volumes will give the attentive reader more of the treasures of general information than many men possess. The style, like that of all Parley's works, is attractive, and a better series than this cannot possibly be placed in the hands of youth.

THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. *New York: M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a large and beautiful volume, printed in double columns, and contained volume one. A second volume is to be added, and a third, should the writings of the author occupy as much space. The volume is printed with a short introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Charlotte Elizabeth is the wife of an English clergyman. She has too many readers in this country, from the thousands of her works which have been sold in single vast volumes, to need any particular description of the character of her writings from us. Almost all her works—to date say all—are strongly marked with her zealous confirmation of the Roman Catholic Church. The volume will be most acceptable to her large circle of readers in this country.

THE WANDERING JEW. *By Eugene Sue. Tuesday and Wednesday. Herbert.*—This is a work based on the popular tradition of the Wandering Jew, who girded he was the Saviour upon the Cross, and is reported to have been wandering ever since, and witnessing the changes of the world. The romance is a romantic shape which such a subject gives to the peculiar talents of Sue, will be readily imagined; and in the five numbers, now before the public, the interest of the reading public has been wielded in absolute misery. It is reviewed in this city by Zieber & Co., and by Robinson & Peterson.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. *New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.*—The present, the fifth, concludes the prose and includes the verse of the late lamented author. He was a writer of talent enough to make us the more deeply regret his untimely demise, while yet he had simply proved his capacity as a writer of the best, or a provider of innocent mirth, as the honest was on. This collection will, of course, find a place in every gentleman's library, as an ornament to American literature.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE.—No. 6 of this work has been received from Harper & Brothers, through Zieber & Robinson & Peterson. It concludes the book of Leviticus, and commences with Numbers. This is a part of the work in which there is less opportunity for illustration than in almost any other; yet the engraver has found many interesting events with common employments. It is managed with some wit, and more humor; and is embellished with six admirable engravings.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Parts VIII. and IX. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard—Harper & Brothers.* It contains the following lectures, from the editors, Drs. Forbes, Tweedie, Conolly and Manning, and Drs. Hodgkin, Marshall, Hall, Sir Lee and Gibbons. No. IX. extends to the article Heart. With every successive number the excellence of the work becomes more apparent; and it will prove one of the most valuable of our medical standards.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.* The number of this thick Quarterly, for July, contains the usual great variety of original and selected matter, which is always invaluable experience. In all particulars, this is one of the most valuable periodicals of the kind published in the world, and its value to the medical man cannot be too highly estimated.

BLACKWOOD FOR JULY, the last semble reprint has been received by Zieber & Co. Among the contents we notice a commencement of a translation of Poems and Ballads of Schiller. The other papers are of the same order and character of merit and excitement which has always distinguished Blackwood.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. *Harper & Brothers.*—Vol. VI of this work has been published, and is established with a portrait of Stephen Charnock, B. D. The work is completed and complete for two octavo volumes, in which this neat and convenient edition appears. It is received here by Zieber & Co., Carey & Hart, and by Robinson & Peterson.

ALIDA, OR TOWN AND COUNTRY. *By the author of Ada Percy.*—*New York: Langley. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This an very nicely printed work, worthy in a mechanical execution of the character of the story. It is a good and healthy influence, and amused the heart, while it interests the head.

FREDERIC BERNE.—Harpers' have published, and Zieber & Co. have received, a few last portions of the collection of the shorter stories of Miss Bremer, including the H.—Family; Trailanne, Axel and Anna; Comfrey Sisters; and others. They are Miss Bremer's finest translations.

ARMAND.—Nos. 10 and 11 of Hewett's Illustrated edition of Shakespeare bring the plays down to Romeo and Juliet. We are grateful to find, as an evidence of the public taste, that this work is literally encouraged. Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co. have it.

ADDRESS TO YOUTHFUL MUSICIANS OF RELIGIOUS FAMILIES. *By Rev. Wm. Hague.*—This is a pamphlet, and sent us a little work by this title, re-published from the English edition. It is an earnest appeal in behalf of early piety.

MEDICAL BULLETIN.—The Bulletin of Medical Science, for July, is received from Zieber & Co., by whom it is published. It is edited by John Bell, M. D. and published monthly valuable.

☞ The 'Wandering Jew,' part first, has been sent us by Zieber & Antonio.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The little town of Beverly, Mass., sends out, every year, eight thousand pairs of shoes, manned by something like four hundred persons. These fishermen make one and sometimes two trips to the Grand Banks, and the remainder of the year they work at their trade as shoemakers. Scarcely a fisherman goes out in Beverly that is not a shoemaker.

☞ We learn from the New Orleans Picayune that the Court of Errors and Appeals, on the 20th ult. pronounced a new trial in L. C. Hornsby, convicted of the manslaughter of D. H. Twogood. The ground upon which the new trial is granted is, that the jury had been permitted to separate during the pendency of the case.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Peculiar cannot be too careful about taking counterfeit Indiana money. We learn that one police put hold of a large lot lately, which was about to be put in circulation—the engraving is coarse and the notes are extremely counterfeit, and only liable at full analysis, and some at Madison."

☞ At La Grange, Geo. on the 12th inst., while Messrs. Adams & Holmes were engaged in transacting some business, their office was entered by some villain, and robbed of a pocket book which contained between eight and nine fifteen hundred dollars in cash, and about eight thousand dollars in notes.

☞ Between $1,000 and $1,500 from Buffalo to Rochester, ran off the track between Attica and Alexander, on Wednesday week. A wheel of one of the cars broke, the car fell over and carried with it the baggage car. There were none of persons in the passenger car, but no one was injured, save slightly.

☞ The New York Sun says that Philo S. Rust, Esq., of Syracuse, will not claim the $7,100 damages assessed by a jury, in the case of Isaac vs. Wells, for libel. He will not go to law with the justice done to his character by the verdict and honorably and liberally declines the pecuniary benefit.

☞ The depot house of the Long Island Railroad, at Hicksville was consumed by fire Friday week, together with one of the splendid passenger cars, intended for the new Boston line.

☞ The first ten steamer contracted for in Massachusetts, is now nearly ready to be launched at Newburyport. It is owned by a company of the United States Government with Cyrus Alger & Co.

☞ The receipts at the New York Custom House on Monday, were upwards of $230,000, or $56,000 more than were ever received on any one day since the formation of the government.

☞ The Jew's Synagogue in Cincinnati, was entered by some miscreant, on Friday night of last week, and robbed of two silver cups and the amount of money they contained is not known.

☞ Professor E. Loomis, late of Western Reserve College, (Ohio,) has been elected Professor of Mathematics, &c., in the University of New York, in place of B. F. Joslin, resigned.

☞ The extensive rolling mill and nail factory of Mr. Pratt, in Cumberland county, a short distance above Harrisburg, were totally destroyed on Saturday morning, by fire.

☞ At the late commencement of Delaware College, there were conferred degrees of A. M. conferred on Rev. Elisha Phelps, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Lewis of New York.

☞ The steamship Great Western went to sea from New York on Saturday, with sixty passengers, for Liverpool, and one of the largest mails that ever was taken out.

☞ The real estate, belonging to the assets of the old United States Bank, and the Bank of Buffalo, was sold at Buffalo on Thursday week, for the amount of $69,350.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. of N. J., are making preparations for their annual session, which is to take place on the 31st inst. at Trenton.

☞ The New York Republican states that eight hundred and thirty-two marriage permissions were received at that port, during one month last week.

☞ By Lloyd's returns it appears that the annual loss to Great Britain, by shipwreck, is $10 ships, £3,000,000 of property, and 1,000 lives.

☞ A wealthy man named Lyman Kendall, has been sentenced in Ohio to three years' imprisonment, for robbing the Cleveland Bank.

☞ The Bull is creating a great sensation and interest than the usual average. The corn crops not so good.

☞ The flood on the Osage River, has done much mischief to the Osiowa Indians. It is said other tribes have also suffered, as their huts and patches of cultivation were generally found along the margins of the principal water courses and have, consequently been inundated.

☞ The Court House at Montreal was destroyed by fire on Thursday week. The fire is believed to have been accidental, occasioned by the negligence of workmen employed in repairing the building. All the records and papers of value were fortunately preserved.

☞ One of the Stacks at the large establishment at Danville, Penn., was blown into on the 16th inst. On the 18th there they were making six tons four hundred pounds of No. 1 iron at a cast, every twelve hours. The other Stacks will be set in operation shortly.

☞ The Bunker Hill Aurora states that the important negociation which has been going on between our Government and that of Great Britain, respecting the transit of the English mails, designed for her provinces through the United States, has been concluded.

☞ The Vicksburg Whig publishes a census of that city, which was taken by order of the Mayor, in April last, according to which, the aggregate population is 3,653, of whom 1,097 are slaves. The valuation of real and personal property is $2,192,000.

☞ The interior of Ohio has been visited with destructive floods. The streams of water in Preble and Green counties were very much swollen, on the 5th and 6th inst., by heavy rains, and great injury was done to mill-dams, bridges, roads, crops, &c.

☞ The dwelling house of Mr. John Hunsicker, near the Sauer Kraut, in Carroll county, Md., was consumed by fire on Friday week. In addition to the furniture of the house, about $600 in money was consumed—the hard earnings of years of toil and labor.

☞ The tolls received on all the New York State Canals, were, To the 14th of July, 1844, being the first eighty-nine days of navigation, $992,917; to the 14th of July, 1843, being the first seventy-five days of navigation, $719,570 —increase, $273,347.

☞ Of twenty-seven to thirty millions of kindergarten of salt used every year in Paris, twenty-five millions are said to be adulterated. The adulterants used are earth, saltpetre, sulphate of soda, sulphate of lime or plaster, and water, to add to the weight.

☞ Mrs. Harger, of Peterseille, Maryland, about eighteen months ago, was safely delivered of three fine children, and the same lady, about three months since, presented her husband with four healthy children at a birth. Seven children in eighteen months.

☞ Final arrangements have been made with a body of competent engineers to carry into immediate effect the contemplated survey for a Railroad from the Province line in Stanstead to Montreal, and a beginning will be made soon.

☞ Mr. George F. Leitch, of Skaneateles, has purchased about 130,000 pounds of wool the present season at prices varying from 25 to 42 cents per pound. This is an advance of from 10 to 15 cents per pound on last years prices.

☞ Col. S. W. Oakey, one of the inspectors of elections at New Orleans, recently absconded, for alleged frauds upon elections, after his examination, been held to bail in $11,000 ($1,000 on each charge,) to answer in the Criminal Court.

☞ The Jefferson (Mo.) Republican, of the 6th inst., says there will be an abundant crop of wheat, oats, and corn, in the interior of that State, but that the recent flood has destroyed a considerable portion of the hemp and tobacco crops.

☞ The first railroad constructed in the United States was the Quincy railroad, twenty miles in length, and was finished from the wharf at the mouth of the Neponset river, to the Stone Hall Quarry. It was built in 1826.

☞ But one white person died in Georgia during the last week. This indicates a remarkable state of healthfulness in that city. Indeed the whole country appears to be particularly favored in this respect this season.

☞ One of the Boston Grays, at Baltimore, gave a good hand—one fifty and a quarter in the Declaration of Independence—the heartiest fifty-six in the world—all Europe could not fifty-six! very well said.

☞ The population of the City of Buffalo, N. Y., is now over 30,000 souls. In 1840 the population was but little over 18,000. The increase since that time is about 12,000, or 60 per cent. in four years.

☞ It is stated that the whole inhabitants of the earth could be supplied with water, annually 107,000,000 tons of water, a quantity which if collected together would form a sphere nearly 1,000 feet in diameter.

☞ The commencement of Delaware College was held on Wednesday week. Orations were by Messrs. Gallagher, and an address by the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., of Brooklyn, New York, were delivered.

☞ A cedar shingle was put up on the barn of Joseph Abel Bliss, of Wilbraham, in May, 1740, and taken off by his grandson, John Bliss, July 9, 1844—making it 104 years old, and he had his last notice.

☞ The machinery for the cotton factory of A. Mercer & Co., of St. Louis, has been received from Boston. Their factory will be the first of the kind ever put into operation west of the Mississippi

Selected Poetry.

COLONEL BOONE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Colonel Daniel Boone, the first settler of Kentucky, at the request of Governor Clinton, has presented to the corporation of the city of New-York, the original portrait of him, by the hands of the Colonel Ganger, to compared with his son. He has removed his cabin for 100 miles, which he planted a few enclosing vegetables, and has purchased land for himself by hunting. An interesting old man, and has been treated the way of the wealthy men, would find for the rest of his days. He is now with his son across his house, and his faithful dog at his side, surveying his cleveland lands, and enjoying the sight of the old mansland were gone, but hoping his logs would serve him to the last of it, and to be buried in the ground he had so gone, that he might rest."

Where the laurel in early woodland shows its pink of pure perfection, and of the dogwood's silver cup, with its light on his countenance, that indicated how dear they were to his heart, and his constant hearing of rural sounds and enjoyment. Then he passed through his rifle he had so carried for so many years, when death suddenly terminated the earthly recollections of the vegetation of his father companion, as I seemed since his daughter through he fell, cracked well as ages, were not greatly impaired. Supposed for Miss. Hall.

Alone! Alone! How dreary is it
To live and to be lone!
In such a depth of wilderness
The only thinking one!
The weary to their path repose,
The trees together sleep!
But I have not one to love and rove
Upon my rue to creep.

The vine upon the olden hills
His mesh of beauty weaves;
There's music in the laughing rills
And in the whispering leaves.
The red deer seeks his mate by
To meet the bounding one,
But I have not a happier lot
To chase me as I go!

I've hunted alone—I have done here—
But since they are not here,
I have had the familiar lover
Where for the meeting tear.
And I should love to grow on one,
And feel the other creep—
But I have not one to love me,
Amid the forest deep.

I thought that I should have my bound!
And hear my cracking gun,
Till I forgot the dreariness
Of being all alone,
Then, in the lonely hour,
Of nature, they would be
But, as the kindred weapon rose,
Instinct feelings 0'

I'm weary of my wayworn lot,
And of the hunted tree;
The very lake is like my lot,
The wayward river
I've passed upon the forest gloom
Until I almost swerve
When will the gushing nature roam,
My spirit there to bear!

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR AUGUST.

OLD AND YOUNG BY TURNS.

BY MRS. ANNA FLEMING.

The Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment, busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chatting, and the village sang, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago, and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them—she was thinking. At last she looked up, and yawned.

"Oh, I am sleepy—and thirsty. Maids! bring me some sherbet!"

Maidel obeyed; and as she received the cup again, she said,

"Your ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! What is to-morrow?"

"Does not your ladyship remember that to-morrow will be your ladyship's birthday?"

"My birthday! Oh, yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel no nearer for merriment now. Indeed, I should like to be alone. Lay down your work for a little while, and take a stroll in the courtyard."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking-glass, she said—

"My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine!—that sounds very old. It is ten years since my father came into possession of this estate, and every one of those years has passed over just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I see no change!" and she looked long into the mirror then, "I am no older in any new respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine."

Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame!—go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbor Lovemore this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's color heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were settling, that as our estates touch, it would be but fair that one and I have but one daughter. But how many more, they have brought home the stage-coach of them has not arrived yet. You must come down after a while and see them."

So saying he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel, to herself. "How will I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday. I was twelve years old—and although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy, and I refused to dance with him because he was a little head shorter than I; but if my father and he have such plans for me—"

At the moment her companions returned, and quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of her father's friends and neighbors. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting were the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectations, was delighted by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No laugh so loud as hers—no merriment so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself on a couch and sunk into a large chair at her own room, and began to unfasten the roses from her hair.

"So it is all over, and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday would intrude to spoil open me to damp my enjoyment every now and then. I heard several people ask if I were true that it was my twenty-eighth birthday! they did not know it was the twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss Wise's her name actually said I looked pleased that very well indeed! I should be glad I know, to see her so old!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

Let us pass over a few months. The neighbor's long expected son has come home, and Lady Annabel, contrary to her custom, has not been at home to her less dear, despite of her twenty-nine years. Her father and his neighbor are a great deal together, looking over papers and inspecting boundary lines, &c., contrary to all expectation, the neighbor's son, equally perverse, as neighbor's sons are apt to do, and begins a flirtation with a little girl of sixteen or so, your as a rat. His father frowned—Annabel's father frowned again, and Annabel—she remembered her twenty-nine years.

The unhappy state of things continued for some month, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father, and polite speeches on the part of the other. It was late indeed, and were almost hour—as was the convenience remain were taken—and Annabel and Jasper remained immovable. At last, upon being formally and ceremoniously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife, and advised the good old colonel of his looking said so for aught he cared.

Two days had not past the thunder stroke to his dumbfounded by sleeping with the silver. Gentlemen! Annabel's father.

All that was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her affectionate and indignant father. And how indeed, was she supposed to feel? Here was a lover than once, and knew herself to have been really loved by him once years before.

"Too old for him, indeed—for old for him! And twenty-nine! Why, he may be older than I was, but it is only the younger, the more endearing. Cruel, cruel Jasper to cast me off thus, and for what!—because I am twenty-nine. Surely I am the same that I was seven years ago, and for reproaches me with the years that have since crept over my beauty. He might as well try to stay change, the ages that passed before I was born."

But no! I was, in spite of all her grief. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always shall be—one specter and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined, and grieved, and wept in secret and talked, and laughed, and jested about the elopement in public, and for a while no one knew that there was a tragedy under-point.

Years in a great deal of mischief in the world. In the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the lustre from her bright eyes, they washed away the color from her cheeks, and stilling down they were for themselves elements in her smooth skin, so that by her thirtieth birthday people began to say—"The Lady Annabel is very much faded," and "The Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was"—and one little lady, the eldest daughter of the Lady Annabel had visited her a year ago, was heard to say—

"I did think she were very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is getting on pretty well."

This game the Lady Annabel exhausted her father to omit the usual merry-making. She said the fifty should be kept in his room.

"Thirty years old! How it distressed me a year ago to think I was twenty-nine. I have no such feelings now. Jasper was right when he said I was not old, but I wish I had been nearworn, sorrowful face look in company with his blooming appearance? They talked of me behind my back—and there is much room for such a thing. I am a bait! No—this dowdy figured lamb, made out of my own clothes—but then if he had still loved me, would my youth and my dowdy make me seem so? Perhaps not—but they are gone now. And what is left to me? Only the pillow of repentance!"

But she was wrong—she was not quite so old as she thought. A few years passed away. Her father died. A few years passed away. Jasper's interest across because changed into a gravity. They rarely saw her laugh, but she was very often cheerful. She had not many ornaments—not her jewels—it is true, but her attire was always decorous, and made up my mind. In fact, dwelling continued to be the resort of his neighbors friends. She was invited to their great, and solemn, and smiled when the odious little lady, new Mrs. Lovemore, talked about old maids. Meanwhile, Jasper was never heard of—his angry father having refused to correspond with him. He seemed to be everywhere forgotten, and he was everywhere—but in one place.

But grief will wear itself out. After a while Annabel at first listened, and then joined in the conversation of her neighbors, and found herself by degrees returning the interest evinced for her by a country gentleman of some property in the neighborhood, about ten years older than herself. She was now thirty-five.

The next thing was a wedding at the hall, and no one seemed in higher spirits than the bride herself. All the ornaments in which had lain in their cases for five years. Annabel was young again.

Let us pass over five years of quiet domestic happiness—a happiness of feeling—which her husband were very different from those indeed both by her first love, still she was attached to the worthy man. " " " Her black dress and ugly cap no less than her step and sad manner did not show her to be a widow. Lonely and desolate must her bereavement, she has again taken up her residence at her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did. A few months more, and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left upon earth, and entirely and bitterly does she pray that she may die and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visitors, never appears abroad—except, now and then, late in the afternoon, when the neighbor's son, who is now the lady and may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks almost under the castle, and the village children, coming home from school, peep at her through the hedge, and whisper—It is the old lady taking her walk."

Wife and visitors were never admitted there, and they were so much the greater then was the surprise of all the old servants, when, one day, a fine looking middle-aged man was seen in the largest parlor, in close converse with their mistress. Not a few minutes or often, that at last it came to be quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks—her black veil was laid aside; her close cap gave place to her rich curls, and her step grew light through streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—he was not the Jasper—the lover of old—for her first love? Poor farmer, he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death, had married a wife with her age, after long years spent in poverty abroad.

It is all but true that the Lady Annabel too old for him now, as the castle was a second time deserted on the occasion of a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases.

"Jasper," said Annabel, "I would well call at an old couple. It is true, years have passed over us. We have been still, both of us, and they were so much the greater then—and the surprise of all the old servants, when, one day, a fine looking middle-aged man was seen in the largest parlor, in close converse with their mistress, for